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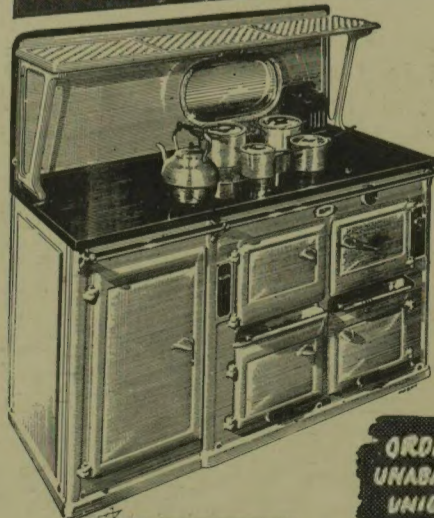
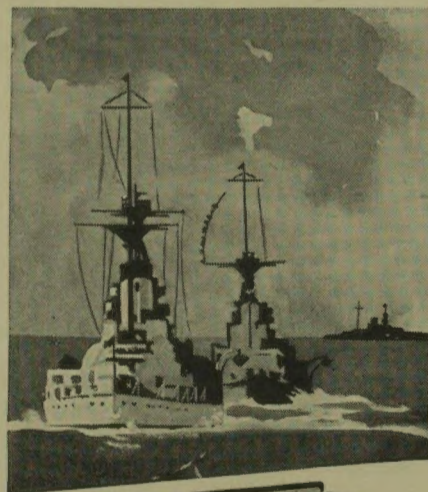
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1939.



THE KING'S FIRST WARTIME INSPECTION OF ROYAL ORDNANCE FACTORIES, WHERE HE SAW "THE MOST REMARKABLE AND INSPIRING DEVELOPMENT IN THE PROGRAMME OF REARMAMENT": HIS MAJESTY KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE FINAL POLISHING OF A GUN-BARREL.

The laconic announcement in the Court Circular for October 26 that "the King visited certain Munitions Factories in the Midlands to-day" commemorates the first tour of inspection since the outbreak of war of an armaments factory by his Majesty. He was accompanied by the Director-General of Munitions Production

at the Ministry of Supply, Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown. The guns which the Sovereign saw in the making were anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns under manufacture in a factory where, less than three years ago, stood only a derelict workshop. Further pictures of the King's tour will be found on succeeding pages. (G.P.U.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN time of the breaking of nations the little things we never noticed before acquire an unsuspected significance and charm. Every hour of sunshine seems worth having and enjoying; after all, it may be our last. We eat our morning egg with the same rejoicing that the shepherd in the mountains rejoiced over the one sheep that was saved; glow with friendliness at the familiar sight of the good old "Tube" or bus that takes us to our daily labour, and get as much enjoyment out of rolling the lawn on Sunday as we used to obtain from dining at a restaurant for some special treat or going to the theatre. Nothing is too mean to form the raw materials of our happiness. As patient Germans employ cardboard to make their winter underclothes, and fill the teapot with blackberry leaves, so we—more fortunate—utilise every minute trifle of our daily experience to gather interest and variety in a dark and cloudy day.

A chance find in the bookshelf of my bedroom in a friendly house reminded me of this truth. It was a book written some years ago by one of those rare people who get the best out of the little things of life, not only in adversity, but in the more clamorous times of peace and prosperity. It was called "My Secret London." I have seldom come across a book of its unpretending sort that afforded me so much pleasure. It was a kind of treasury of the inexpensive, apparently unimportant, but delightful things that go on under one's nose in Europe's largest and most expensive capital and of which ninety-nine Londoners out of a hundred have never even heard. How many know, for instance, that on the top of the knoll behind "Rima" and the Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park is a little paradise of glass and sun for propagating plants and flowers, and blazing all the year round with colour, or that there is a training-ship for sailors' sons anchored off the Mall at Hammersmith, a Lido at Limehouse Pier, or a view over the river as beautiful as anything in Rome or Athens at the end of grimy St. Paul's Station? Who has visited the Physick Garden in Chelsea, where the "simples" grow, with its wonderful cedar-tree and its statue of Sir Hans Sloane by Michael Rysbrack? Or knows that there is a Church for the Deaf and Dumb in Norfolk Square, where the officiating clergyman signs rather than reads the liturgy and scriptures, expounding with fervent hands? Or has seen a shepherd on a summer morning driving his sheep down Down Street on his way from Stanhope Gate to new pastures in the Green Park? All the while under our unsuspecting noses (which are probably glued to the morning or evening paper) these things are happening. The author of this fascinating book tells one all about them.

She had so much to recount in her pages that could not fail to delight anyone who knows London that I felt it would be selfish to keep it to myself. About, for instance, the little house in the Arch under the Quadriga at the top of Constitutional Hill, where the King's Gatekeeper lives. For, though as one drives by regardless in one's bus or taxi one forgets it, Constitutional Hill is really the King's private carriage drive, giving out on to the public thoroughfare at Hyde Park Corner. Here, under the archway, reside on the one side fourteen policemen and on the other the man who controls the King's gates.

There was something mediæval about it all—the gloom of the archway, the enormous wrought-iron gates thrown back, the low, curtained glass door in the stone wall, and the heavy, slow footsteps approaching from an unseen

if the iron gates are open, the King is "in his parlour," and if they are shut you must not leave your card.

How much more enjoyment would one have got from many a hasty journey had one been aware of this? Henceforward I shall turn my eyes on the little door under the archway with new interest and delight.

"The world is so full of a number of things," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "I am sure we should all be as happy as Kings." I do not know if Kings are happy: perhaps not. But granting the poet's data, the causes for happiness are overwhelming in their number, could we but bring our busy, self-important selves to realise them. The great man and saint who used to write this page before me loved to put his truths before the world in the form of

paradoxes. It is not within my power to emulate him, yet no paradox could be more true or startling than the realisation that when one looks at the world as a whole it is small, empty and barren of interest—a tiny ball of earth and iron rolling unperceived through immeasurable space—and that when one looks at any minute section of it—a blade of grass, shall we say?—there is no end to the richness and diversity of life displayed upon it. That is why some of the unhappiest and most restless people in the world are the querulous and harassed intellectuals who earn their living as experts on "world affairs," while the happiest are usually botanists and horticulturists and constantly observing folk of that kind. Seeing Heaven in a wild flower is the one sure way of passing unshaken and undeterred between the towering cliffs of Hell that lie on either side of our earthly pilgrimage. To be so interested in anything as to become absorbed in it, even if it is only Persian irregular verbs or the lids of old



THE QUEEN'S VISIT ON OCTOBER 24 TO ARMY CLOTHING FACTORIES: HER MAJESTY CONGRATULATING ONE OF THE WORKERS FOR WHOSE APPROACHING MARRIAGE DECORATIONS HAD BEEN PUT UP BY FELLOW-WORKERS.

On October 24 the Queen visited three Army Clothing Factories where production has been so accelerated that the average weekly output is now equivalent to what was formerly done in a year. Her Majesty, who was attended by the Lady Hyde, was accompanied by the Rt. Hon. Leslie Burgin, M.P., Minister of Supply. In this photograph she is seen shaking hands with a worker in one of the factories, who was to be married shortly afterwards to a worker in another war factory. (Wide World.)

interior. Then at last the door opened to disclose an old man—a handsome giant of an old man, his cheeks covered with lather, for he had been shaving.

"I was wondering," I said, and I knew it was a lame beginning, "who lives here?"

"I do," the old man answered.

"Oh—er—and who are you?" I stammered, flustered.

"I," he announced, "am the King's Gatekeeper."

The latter detracted nothing from the dignity of the announcement. I looked at him with awe.

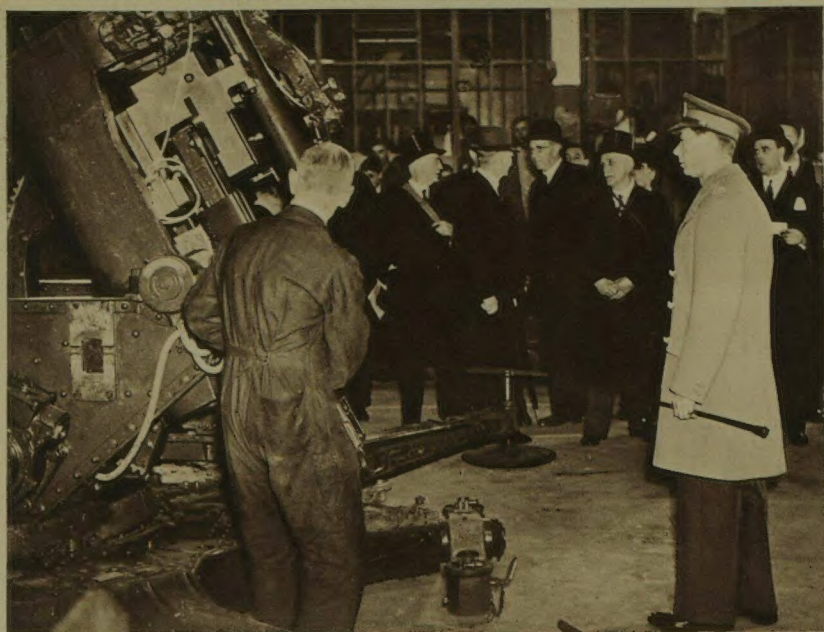
"Perhaps," I suggested, "you could tell me something about this Arch?"

"Nobody," he replied, "knows more about this Arch than I do."

And he was right, because he has lived in it for thirty-four years and protected His Majesty's Gate. When the King is out of town he shuts the gate, which used to be a more significant action than it is now, for the Arch stands in the centre of a wide thoroughfare, and a continuous stream of traffic sweeps by on each side, whether it is open or shut. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that

jam-jars, is to be exempted from half the ills man is heir to—boredom, harrowing anxiety, and fear. Let a man look upwards on a bright day and there is nothing but the vast, empty and monotonous arc of Heaven. Let him look downwards and he begins to live. There is enough happening under the stone at his feet to keep his mind occupied all the days of his life. A Bach or a Beethoven spent his entire existence marking down hieroglyphics on a few sheets of paper. Happiness, like charity, begins at home. It always eludes the restless and unanchored intelligences of the Mrs. Jellybys of the world. But now, when the long vistas of the publicist and the student of international affairs are closing in the dense smoke of battle, the wise mind contracts its vision and finds in doing so the happiness of self-forgetfulness that had so long eluded it. It ceases to perplex itself about the world, and concentrates instead on the minute but infinitely varied particle before it.

ROYAL INTEREST IN INDUSTRY'S WAR-EFFORT: THE KING'S TOUR OF MIDLANDS ARMS FACTORIES.



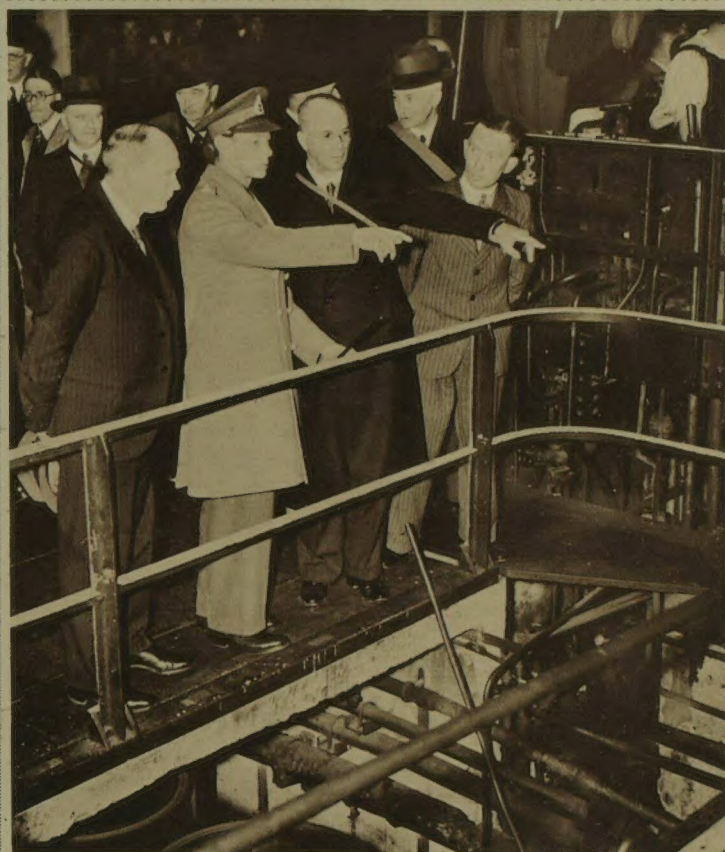
A DEMONSTRATION OF THE LATEST 4.5 ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN DURING THE KING'S FIRST WARTIME TOUR OF ROYAL ORDNANCE FACTORIES. (P.N.A.)



THE EMPIRE'S RULER HELPING TO TRUE UP THE BARREL OF ONE OF THE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ON OCTOBER 26. (P.N.A.)



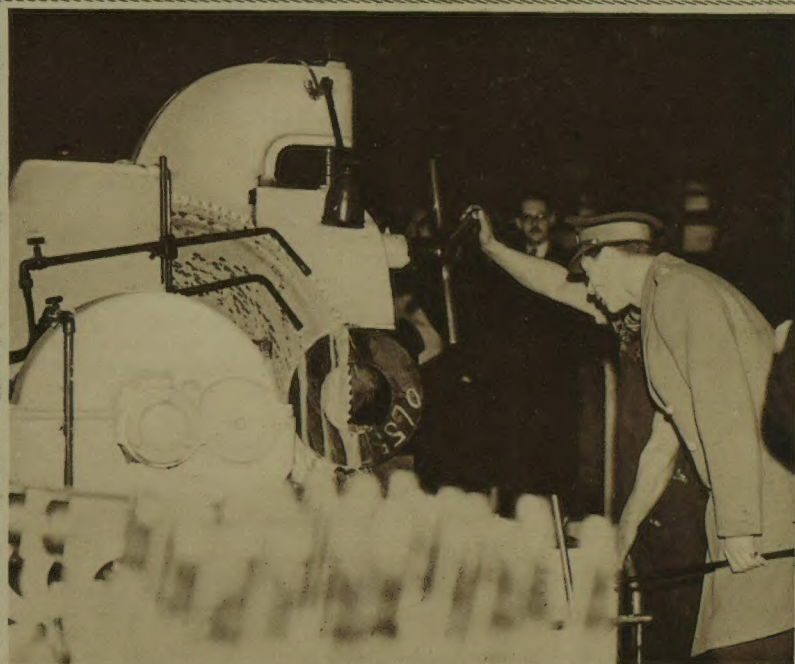
IN A CAMOUFLAGED ARMAMENTS FACTORY "SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDLANDS": HIS MAJESTY WITH A GIRL WORKER MAKING BULLETS DURING HIS TOUR OF ORDNANCE FACTORIES. (P.N.A.)



HIS MAJESTY AT AN ARMAMENTS FACTORY WHERE THERE IS THE BIGGEST BATTERY OF VERTICAL ELECTRICAL FURNACES IN BRITAIN. (P.N.A.)



THE HUMAN FACTOR IN ARMS MANUFACTURE: GIRLS BUSILY SORTING SMALL ARMS AMMUNITION WATCHED BY THE KING. (Keystone.)



TALKING IN CHARACTERISTICALLY FRIENDLY MANNER WITH MEN AT THE MACHINES: THE KING INTERESTED IN A GREAT CIRCULAR SAW. (G.P.U.)

The long tour of inspection of Midlands Royal Ordnance factories which his Majesty carried out on October 26 began in the forge, where the King saw huge red-hot slabs of metal being pressed into breech-rings, which were then quenched in oil and tempered. Later he was particularly interested in seeing a piece of the gun-jacket cut off for testing by a circular saw, from there passing to the cooler

workshops, where turning and boring was being done. His Majesty watched the grinding and finishing of a gun-jacket, and then the rifling of a barrel. The King spent an hour during the afternoon at an armaments factory owned by private enterprise, walking through the vast buildings and watching all types of small arms ammunition being made. Later the King saw the newest processes for shell-making.

BLENHEIM PALACE AS A PUBLIC SCHOOL: MALVERN'S WARTIME MOVE.



SOME OF THE BOYS AT LUNCH IN THE GREAT HALL AT BLENHEIM, WITH A STRIKING COAT-OF-ARMS OVER THE DOOR AND PIECES OF OLD ARMOUR ON A SCREEN. (Fox.)



A SCIENCE LESSON IN THE LAUNDRY OF BLENHEIM PALACE, WHERE SEVERAL STATE ROOMS AND THE LONG LIBRARY HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO DORMITORIES FOR THE USE OF MALVERN COLLEGE BOYS. (S. and G.)



WHERE INK MAY NOT BE USED, BUT ONLY PENCIL, FOR FEAR OF DAMAGE: PUPILS OF MALVERN COLLEGE AT BLENHEIM PALACE SEATED ON THEIR BEDS UNDERNEATH VALUABLE TAPESTRIES AND PICTURES. (S. and G.)



"PREP" FOR MALVERN COLLEGE BOYS, WHO HAVE BEEN MOVED INTO HISTORIC BLENHEIM PALACE FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, THE PRESENT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. (S. and G.)

Some four hundred boys of Malvern College, whose buildings have been taken over by the Government, are now housed in Blenheim Palace, the famous ancestral home of the Dukes of Marlborough at Woodstock, near Oxford, where classes are held in the open air, as well as in huts utilised as class-rooms. As illustrated in some of the photographs appearing on these pages, seven state rooms on the ground floor, together with the Long Library, have been converted into dormitories, and this has

necessitated the protection by boarding of the valuable Blenheim pictures and tapestries which could not be moved. Owing to the fact that the beds of the pupils, where they do a considerable amount of study, in many cases are situated directly underneath the tapestries, no ink is allowed to be used in the wartime school for fear of damage to these historic works of art. All work, therefore, is being done in pencil. The marble and parquet floors have had to be covered with

[Continued opposite.]

SCHOOLBOYS WHO MAY USE NO INK: MALVERN COLLEGE AT BLENHEIM.



THE STATE AND OTHER ROOMS AT BLENHEIM PALACE CONVERTED INTO DORMITORIES FOR THE BOYS OF MALVERN COLLEGE: A VIEW OF THE LONG LIBRARY, WITH BOYS SITTING ON THE BEDS WHILE AT THEIR STUDIES—SHOWING THE HUGE ORGAN IN THE BACKGROUND. (Fox.)

Continued.

linoleum and coconut matting; washing and changing accommodation for the four hundred scholars has been arranged by roofing over two courtyards and installing necessary equipment. New boilers and tanks have been installed and the kitchens provided with new gas-ranges, and a new main gas-pipe has been laid through the Park. The boys themselves, with the staff, take their meals in the Great Hall (seen on the opposite page), and House units are maintained by each House having

a long table to itself. By the kindness of the owner of Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough, the boys will be permitted the use of the magnificent grounds for playing-fields, and to bathe in the ornamental pools in summer. It was originally built by the Government and presented to John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough, and an ancestor of Mr. Winston Churchill, as an expression of the country's gratitude for his great military victories in the war of the Spanish succession.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I DO not know who invented barbed-wire, but I have a notion that it was devised as a measure of defence to keep the huntsman from crossing land owned by farmers who had as little love for hunting as they had for foxes. Of what they regarded as two evils, they chose what to them was the least—the fox. But the barbed-wire brought in its train a new device—wire-cutters. For the wire was a callously barbarous form of retaliation. However, this is as may be. Barbed-wire came to stay. And it may be said to have assured its safety when it became adopted as a means of military defence in wartime. Thousands and thousands of miles of it were used during the Great War, and many more thousands are being used to-day for barbed-wire entanglements, which, though not impenetrable, are formidable.

But barbed-wire for defensive purposes is no new invention. It has been in use among plants and animals of the most varied types for millions of years. And in some these spines are of a peculiarly offensive kind, because they are charged with venom. It would require vastly more space than is mine on this page to describe hosts of types of spines, thorns, bristles and barbs that form a part of the armoury of the plants alone. I must confine myself, therefore, to a brief survey of some of the more striking examples. For the most part they seem to have come into being as a defence against the raids of herbivorous animals. That this interpretation is justified is shown in the Southern Alps, where, in the neighbourhood of Monte Baldo, there is a species of grass (*Festuca alpestris*) whose rigid leaves, projecting in all directions, terminate in needle-shaped points. The shepherds detest it, for their grazing animals, seeking other plants taking advantage of this protection, and growing between these patches of spear-pointed grass, cut their nostrils so severely that they often return from their grazing forays with bleeding nostrils.

Even in our own gardens we can find illustrations of the way in which trees and shrubs protect themselves

their leaves have vanished, thick, succulent stems having supplanted them. These stems, being encased in a green chlorophyll layer, perform the all-important function

of breathing and feeding normally carried out by leaves. The members of the genus *Pereskia*, however, form an exception to the rule, for they possess thick foliage leaves. They are not, it is to be noted, entirely confined to regions where long droughts and little rain prevail. For the members of the genus *Rhipsalis* and *Phyllocactus* lead a very different kind of life, inasmuch as, like most orchids, they are what is known as "epiphytes," that is to say, they are not rooted in the ground, but live on the branches of old trees. They merely use their roots as a "holdfast," and do not batten on the sap of the tree. Another species, the "Queen of the Night" (*Nycticalus*), is also an "epiphyte," but it also uses its clinging roots for climbing up rocks. Here, indeed, we get a clear proof that the roots are not used as sources of obtaining food. The members of the genus *Cereus* show a wide range both in size and form, as well as in the character of their spines. Some attain to a height of as much as 60 ft., and have columnar stems with candelabra-like branches. In others, the columnar stems are fluted and covered with needle-like spines. These spines are often conspicuously long and densely massed, so as completely to hide the stem, which may present a series of low, horizontal ridges. These features are well shown in *Cereus dasycanthus*. In the prickly-pear (*Opuntia*) (Fig. 2), the stem is formed of a series of laterally compressed, oblong segments, giving the appearance of thick, fleshy leaves. In some species, the spines, as in the genus *Mammillaria*, are long and sparsely distributed, projecting from a rounded prominence, which, in *Mammillaria angularis* (Fig. 3, left), present a spiral arrangement; while in *M. longimannia* they take the form of large fusiform bodies surmounted by a few long spines (Fig. 3, right); while in *Opuntia microdasys* the prominences are large, but the spines vestigial. Perhaps the spiniest of all are the members of the genus *Echinocactus*, wherein long and sharp-pointed spines, arising from little "hillocks," have their bases surrounded by a rosette of long, laterally expanded hair-like spines (Fig. 4). These are by no means all the variants in the matter of this spiny



FIG. 1. PART OF THE TRUNK OF ONE OF THE FEW TREES WHICH DEVELOP AN ARMATURE OF SPINES ON THE TRUNK, INSTEAD OF ON THE LEAVES: TRUNK OF THE HONEY LOCUST (*GLEDITSCHIA TRIACANTHUS*).

For the most part barb-like armatures among plants seem to have come into being as a defence against the raids of herbivorous animals. That such an interpretation is justified is shown in the Southern Alps where, around Monte Baldo, the rigid leaves of the *Festuca alpestris* grass terminate in needle-shaped points.



FIG. 2. SHOWING THE FLOWER, AND SPINES, ONE, OR TWO, ARISING FROM A PROMINENCE, THE STEM BEING CONSTRICTED TO FORM LEAF-LIKE EXPANSIONS: THE PRICKLY-PEAR (*OPUNTIA FICUS INDICUS*).

In the Prickly-pear, *Opuntia*, the stem is formed of a series of laterally compressed, oblong segments, giving the appearance of thick, fleshy leaves.

against such attacks. In the holly, for example, only the lower leaves are armed with spines. Young, low trees of the wild-pear bristle with spines up to a height of about six feet. The locust-trees of China and North America have a different mode of protection, the trunk of the tree, as will be seen in Fig. 1, developing a "wire entanglement" of spines around the trunk. The berberis, again, has a formidable armature of spines along the lower branches.

In some plants all the leaves have become transformed into spines. And this is true also of *Asparagus horridus*, and the tragacanth-shrubs so common on the elevated steppes of Persia, where they grow intermixed with another equally spiny plant, *Acantholimon*, and constitute a remarkable feature of the landscape, forming spherical masses on the stony ground, and looking like gigantic sea-urchins. These are never eaten by grazing animals.

The cactus tribe, more than all others, have developed an amazing proclivity for the production of spines. They form a New World group, numbering more than 1300 species, and have their headquarters, so to speak, in Mexico. For the most part they live in desert areas, where there is but little rainfall, and as an adjustment to such conditions

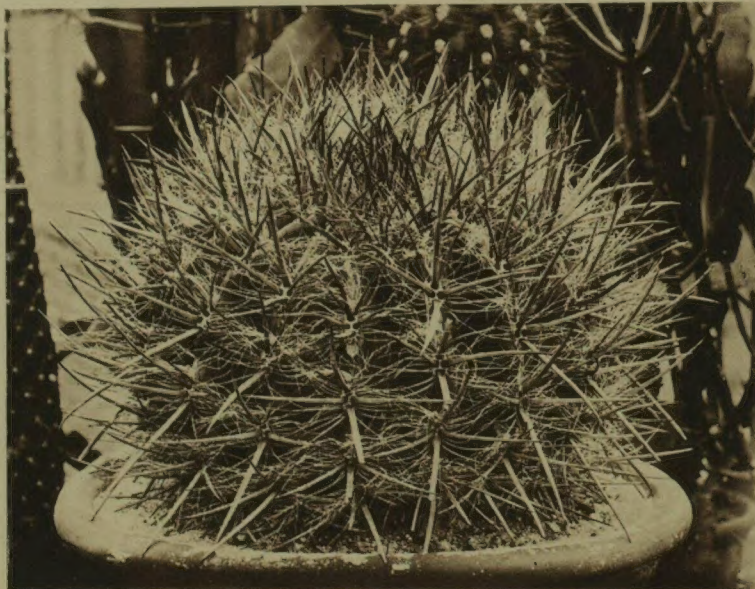


FIG. 4. AN ECHINOCACTUS, WITH A LARGE SPIKE-LIKE SPINE, AND WITH LONG, SLENDER, WIRE-LIKE SPINES SURROUNDING ITS BASE: RECALLING A SEA-URCHIN IN APPEARANCE.

The Cactus tribe, more than all others, have developed an amazing proclivity for the production of spines, forming a New World group numbering more than 1300 species, and having their headquarters, so to speak, in Mexico. (Photographs by Harold Bastin.)



FIG. 3. THE MAMMILLATED CACTUS (*MAMMILLARIA ANGULARIS*) (LEFT) WITH A SPIRAL ARRANGEMENT OF PROMINENCES BEARING BUT FEW SPINES; AND (RIGHT) *MAMMILLARIA LONGIMANNIA*, WITH LONG, SLENDER SPINES FROM A TUBER-LIKE STEM.

armature of the cactus-tribe. But they afford us ample material for careful analysis. What explanation can we hope to find for this bewildering variety? They may be adjustments to the conditions of their environment. But this seems highly improbable. It may be that they are so many "expression points" of the generic peculiarities of their tissues.

The spines along the edges of the broad, curved leaves of *Bonaparteia* and *Dasyliirion*—nearly related to the pineapple—though confined to the edges of the leaf, are more formidable than those of the cactuses, for they can inflict frightful wounds on those who have the misfortune to come in contact with them. Our own gorse and wild and garden roses afford us good illustrations of different kinds of pointed spines. We find formidable spines also in *Robinia pseudacacia*, the spiny *Cytisus spinosus* and the barberry (*Berberis*).

Though we commonly regard thorns and spines as indicative of deserts, and poor, stony soil, it is clear that these conditions are not, in themselves, the inciting agency. For the enormous leaf of the Victoria Regia water-lily, 6 ft. across, is armed with spines on the under-surface, and along the broad, upturned brim, and we have a similar example in the "water-soldier" (*Stratiotes*) of our rivers and the Norfolk Broads. Their function, as in all the other instances cited here, is to deter leaf-eating enemies.



"THIS MENACE TO OUR TRADE WILL EVENTUALLY BE OVERCOME": DISCHARGING A DEPTH-CHARGE FROM A "THROWER" ABOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER—AN EFFECTIVE MEANS OF FIGHTING THE U-BOAT.

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons on October 26, during his weekly review of the progress of the war, that the campaign against U-boats was being carried on with increasing success. Four U-boats had recently been attacked, and one was destroyed, while another was severely damaged. This success is mainly due

to the use of depth-charges; drums filled with 300 lb. of high explosive, which are dropped over the stern of the hunting craft or projected from "throwers," thus enabling the U-boat to be "straddled." Our photograph shows one of these depth-charge "throwers" being fired aboard a British destroyer on patrol. (Central Press.)

"THE DICTATOR OF THE TURF."

"ADMIRAL ROUS AND THE ENGLISH TURF, 1795-1877": By T. H. BIRD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

RACING men are frequently racy talkers; but they are generally too busy enjoying life to write about it. Racing books, considering the wide interest in the sport and the importance of horse-breeding, are few. For the better ones—at any rate, since the time of "The Druid"—we have had to rely mainly upon racing journalists. Even amongst those many are not notable for style, and others—perhaps because of a compulsory diurnal interest in the immediate future—do not seem to take much interest in the remoter past. But, amongst our contemporaries, Captain Lyle keeps the flag well flying, and now Captain Bird has produced a lively, historical volume of more than passing value.

The book is far more than a life of Admiral Rous, who, indeed, in some of the chapters is barely mentioned. With a few appendices giving lists of winners of the principal races, of performances by jockeys and successes by owners, it might well pass as a History of the Turf in the period under review. But Rous deserved his due; he links the chapters together; and by dint of personality, skill as a handicapper and expert on racing procedure, he attained such a unique position that, in his latter years, he was spoken of as "The Dictator of the Turf." He is still commemorated by the Rous Memorial Stakes.

"How on earth," it may be asked, "did an Admiral find time to become virtual king of the Jockey Club in an age when there were so many magnates who spent their lives with horseflesh and never had to go to sea?" Well, it is true that his promotion to Admiral came long after he had retired, but he did manage to squeeze a good deal of racing into a full and creditable naval career. He was born in 1795, second son of a father who afterwards became first Earl of Stradbroke. The father kept racehorses, the house was near Newmarket, and when H. J. Rous sailed as a midshipman, at the age of thirteen, he was already familiar with the matches then popular and had won his modest half-crowns. At eighteen he was fighting in the Mediterranean; at twenty-two he received his first command; at twenty-seven he was promoted post-captain; at thirty he was given the "Rainbow" and spent several years in her around India and Australia, where he was a pioneer of horse-racing. But between these appointments there were long periods of leave and unemployment. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club when he was twenty-six, and by that time he was an experienced dealer in horses and a good judge of weights, and during a very long later period of leave "he began to study seriously the Laws of Racing, of which he was the acknowledged master." "His last command afloat was the 'Pique,' a 36-gun frigate, to which he was appointed in 1834.

His bringing the 'Pique' home, battered and rudderless, across the Atlantic from Quebec to Portsmouth, was an achievement in the Bligh manner, the full story of which he never described in detail for thirty years. Then he told it at a dinner given in his honour when he had become a Lord Paramount of the turf. The day he saw the 'Pique' safely moored in English waters he wrote a brief report to the Secretary of the Admiralty that she had left Quebec on 17th September, and stood over to the Labrador coast to avoid the islands on the opposite side. At 10.20 p.m. she struck a rock; at 2 a.m. she struck again very heavily. Next morning found them in full sail for England, but on the 27th they lost their rudder. On 13th October the 'Pique' anchored at St. Helens, having run 1500 miles, requiring to be pumped every hour."

Within two years he had left the Navy and married an heiress. For the next forty-one he was otherwise engaged. "Until his death in 1877 he was exclusively a racing man. Sailors who were his contemporaries said one of the best naval officers was lost to the Service when the 'Pique' paid off. Men who were his contemporaries on the Turf said one of the finest judges of racing who ever lived 'wasted' nearly thirty

years at sea that might have been bestowed on Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster." At least the Turf benefited by his naval experience; he was steeped in discipline and order. It was the "heyday of the Turf," but it was also the heyday of sharp practices; it was very fortunate that the burly, breezy, vigorous man who was chief handicapper should have joined to his knowledge an obstinate resolution to clean up



"THE DICTATOR OF THE TURF"—ADMIRAL ROUS, OF WHOM IT WAS SAID, WHEN HE LEFT THE NAVY, THAT ONE OF THE BEST OFFICERS WAS LOST TO THE SERVICE; WHILE RACING CONTEMPORARIES COMPLAINED THAT HE HAD WASTED NEARLY THIRTY YEARS AT SEA.

From an Engraving by James Faed, after the Painting by Henry Weigall. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Putnam and Co.

The result was declared: "Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, 1, Col. Peel's Otranto, 2." "This appeared simple enough, but it was not, because the horse that had run and finished first, under the name of Running Rein, was not the three-year-old he was supposed to be, but was actually a four-year-old, whose registered name was Maccabeus. . . . The methods by which the substitution was effected, and which it took Lord George Bentinck, with the assistance of Rous, months to unravel, had the flaw common to most frauds—that too many persons had been placed in a position to know the truth."

The Admiral was no mere horsey man. He read Greek and Latin every day and the works of Pope, and he was a powerful and voluminous writer. His aphorisms are pungent—e.g., "Sixty years ago I recollect on board ship an argument between a marine and a sailor on the definition of an epicure. It was decided in favour of Jack, who said 'An epicure is a beggar who will eat anything.' By this interpretation the British public on the subject of racehorses are determined epicures." The same style and spirit are evident in a letter to *The Times*, answering one in which Lord Rosebery said that the practice of allowing persons to run horses in assumed names was injurious to their estates: "Assumed names? Some of the most honourable members of the Turf prefer a pseudonym. Female relations may dislike racing. A young man with rich, crabbed uncles would be a fool to run in his own name. Sir Mark Wood lost £90,000 because some vagabond exposed his name in a sporting paper as the purchaser of Lucetta, and his miserable uncle cut him off with a shilling." Or again (in a vast letter to *The Times* full of allusions to Themistocles, Pomponius Mela, and Gustavus Adolphus), "With respect to the champions of the cock-pit, is it a greater boon for a young cock to be well fed and reared to fight a battle, if victorious to be petted the remainder of his life with half a dozen little hens for his comfort, or to cut his throat early in life to satisfy the appetite of a carnivorous man? And this man who daily is an accessory to the murder of youth in the shape of veal, lamb, and spring chicken, prides himself on his amiability, and, in the House of Commons, expatiates on the cruelty of allowing pugnacious birds to contend in fair fight to the admiration of thousands of good, honest men who delight in such specimens of first-rate pluck and courage." This he wrote as an octogenarian; he was as game as a cock to the last. In 1877, a little drowsy, he saw Fred Archer win his first Derby on Silvio. Within three weeks he was dead. He had fought in the Napoleonic Wars; by his graveside there stood not only the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, but Lord Rosebery and Harry Chaplin, who seem to have been with us only yesterday.

Near his grave is that of the last Marquess of Hastings, the wild, moody, romantic youth who stole Chaplin's bride and is the emblem of all gambling ruin. That story is told again, and all the tales of Lord George Bentinck. There are chapters on Lord Egremont (who won five Derbys and was Turner's patron and friend), on Sir Joseph Hawley, on John Bowes, on Lord Derby, on jockeys and trainers. Politics are never far from the scene; the patricians not merely had money to spend which now goes in taxes, but public life was not so exacting; even had it been of them the inclination, it would be extremely unlikely that we should ever see Mr. Chamberlain or Sir John Simon leading in the winner of the Derby. And there are swarms of good stories. One is of a son of Sydney Smith "called Wyndham, familiarly known as 'The Assassin,' who went on the Turf, was a gambler, roysterer, and keeper of low company, whose ambition was to dress and talk like a stable

lad. 'The Assassin' deserves to be remembered for one immortal, if impious, remark: at his father's dinner-table he asked the Bishop of London how long he thought it took to get Nebuchadnezzar racing fit after he had been taken up from grass."

This is a delightful book. It is full of all the right portraits. One of George Payne would have rounded off the gallery.

To Our Readers at Home and Abroad.

AT the present time much of our space has to be devoted to the progress of the War in its various spheres, and although special arrangements of our own have been made to cover the War in all its phases, there may be occasions when some of our readers living abroad or at home may, by chance, witness scenes of exceptional interest of which perhaps they may be able to take photographs, or to make sketches.

The submission of such material will be welcomed by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News* with a view to publication. Photographs should be accompanied by full explanatory titles, and sketches (especially in the case of very rough sketches) should be annotated with full written details in order to explain clearly all points of interest. All material which we may be able to publish will be paid for at our best rates.

All drawings or photographs of scenes dealing with the present War will be submitted by us for Censorship before publication, and we undertake not to publish illustrations or text submitted by any of our readers unless such material has been approved officially by the Censors for publication. Photographs or sketches should be addressed to the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*, "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Hertfordshire, England.

N.B.—Readers are reminded, however, that there are certain regulations regarding the taking of photographs in wartime with which they should make themselves familiar, as these regulations must be complied with.

the dark corners and a courage which enabled him to harry even grandees who were close friends if he thought their agents had been up to any tricks. He made his mistakes, and he was sometimes beaten in controversy; but it was largely owing to his efforts that the worst sort of sharkery was suppressed. It is barely conceivable to us now that as recently as 1844 the Derby was won by a substituted horse.

* "Admiral Rous and the English Turf, 1795-1877." By T. H. Bird. Illustrated. (Putnam; 20s. 6d.)

LIFEBOATS FOR CASTAWAY AIRMEN: RUBBER DINGHIES SUCH AS HAVE SAVED MANY GERMANS IN THE NORTH SEA.



THE COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER DINGHY PROVES AGAIN A BOON TO AIRMEN FORCED DOWN IN THE SEA: MEN LEAVING A DERELICT GERMAN FLYING-BOAT BY MEANS OF ONE OF THESE INGENIOUS LITTLE CRAFT. (Central Press.)



A BRITISH ARMY RUBBER BOAT SIMILAR TO THE TYPE IN WHICH GERMAN AIRMEN HAVE GOT SAFELY TO LAND AFTER BEING SHOT DOWN IN THE SEA: A FRAGILE YET SEAWORTHY CRAFT CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING TWO FULLY EQUIPPED INFANTRYMEN. (L.N.A.)



THE TYPE OF COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER DINGHY FITTED IN R.A.F. MACHINES: A BOAT WHOSE TRIANGULAR SHAPE MAKES IT EASIER TO HANDLE IN THE WATER, BEING ROWED IN A REGATTA. (Charles E. Brown.)

Considerable interest has been evoked by the series of successful escapes by German airmen from machines driven down into the sea, by means of rubber collapsible boats. The case of the two German airmen who landed at an isolated spot on the Yorkshire coast on October 19, after drifting for nearly two days in the North Sea, will be remembered. They were, of course, in an exhausted condition and suffering from exposure; but their survival was made more remarkable by the fact that one of them had serious leg injuries. There were other rescues by means of these collapsible rubber dinghies after the German air attack on a

convoy in the North Sea (this is the attack illustrated on pages 680 and 681 of this issue). Three men were found in one boat, and picked up by a British trawler on October 22, the day after their machine had been shot down. Again one of the men who was thus saved was wounded. These rubber dinghies are kept packed in a special compartment, whence they can be quickly extracted in case of emergency. For inflation they are not, of course, dependent on the lungs of the airmen; this is done by means of a special cylinder of compressed air or gas. Rubber dinghies of similar ingenious design are carried in many British machines.

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES: NOTABLE PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE.**

Mr. Gordon Selfridge is resigning from Selfridge's board of directors because of advancing years. Mr. Selfridge is aged seventy-five. He was born in the U.S.A. He founded Selfridge's in 1909. He will still act in a consultative capacity.

**LIEUT.-COL. A. J. MUIRHEAD.**

Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Muirhead, Conservative M.P. for Wells, and until the outbreak of war Under-Secretary of State for India and Burma, was found dead on October 29. He was aged forty-eight. Was Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Air Ministry, 1937-38.

**GENERAL GEORGE L. CARPENTER.**

Head of the Salvation Army. Took up his new duties on November 1, having been elected as General Evangeline Booth's successor on August 24, 1939. He is an Australian, and joined the Salvation Army in New South Wales at the age of nineteen, in 1892.

**SIR HENRY MONCK-MASON MOORE.**

His appointment as Governor of the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya was announced on October 27. Sir Henry succeeds Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, who relinquished the Governorship to take up R.A.F. duties.

**SIR JAMES GRIGG.**

The Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, succeeding Sir Herbert Creedy, who retired on October 25. Previously Finance Minister in the Government of India since 1934; between 1921-30 Principal Private Secretary to successive Chancellors of the Exchequer.

**PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT—A NEW PHOTOGRAPH.**

T.R.H. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra are growing fast. Here they are seen in "play-suits" in the garden of the country home where they are staying. The Dukes of Kent has taken up his war appointment, and the Duchess's many public engagements occupy much of her time.

**THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD AND BERAR.**

The Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar has given £100,000 to the Air Ministry for aerial warfare. His Exalted Highness has also offered the Viceroy a monthly contribution of £11,250 towards the Hyderabad State Forces called on for service abroad.

**SIR FINDLATER STEWART, G.C.I.E.**

The Director-General of the Ministry of Information. Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India since 1930. Born December 22, 1879, and educated at Edinburgh University. Entered India Office, 1903. Secretary to the Indian Statutory Commission, 1927-30.

**COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL.**

New M.P. (Nat. Lab.) for the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire since Oct. 27. The editor and proprietor of K-H News-Letter Service, who sent to Germany 50,000 copies of the now famous circular letter which resulted in an acrimonious controversy with Dr. Goebbels.

**THE HISTORIC SCENE AT THE SIGNING OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH-TURKISH TREATY OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE AT ANGORA ON OCTOBER 19.**

The Anglo-French Treaty of Mutual Assistance with Turkey, the completion of which has immensely reinforced the Allied position, was signed at Angora on October 19. Above is the scene at the ceremony, with (l. to r.) General Wavell; General Weygand; M. Massigli, French Ambassador; Dr. Refik Saydam, Turkish Premier; Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen, British Ambassador; and Marshal Chakmak and General Assim Gun-luz, Turkish Staff Officers.

**THE LEISURE MOMENTS OF THE AIR MINISTER: SIR KINGSLEY WOOD WITH LADY WOOD AT THEIR HOME IN KENT, AND SOME EVACUATED CHILDREN BILLETED THERE.**

Sir Kingsley Wood, Secretary of State for Air, is here seen with Lady Wood at his home in Kent with some of the fifteen evacuated children billeted there. Sir Kingsley, it will be recalled, recently visited the Western Front, and pronounced himself well pleased with the state of the R.A.F., both material and moral, out there. Before becoming Air Minister, in May 1938, Sir Kingsley was Minister of Health.

FAVoured BY THE NAZIS FOR OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS : A PARACHUTE RAID.

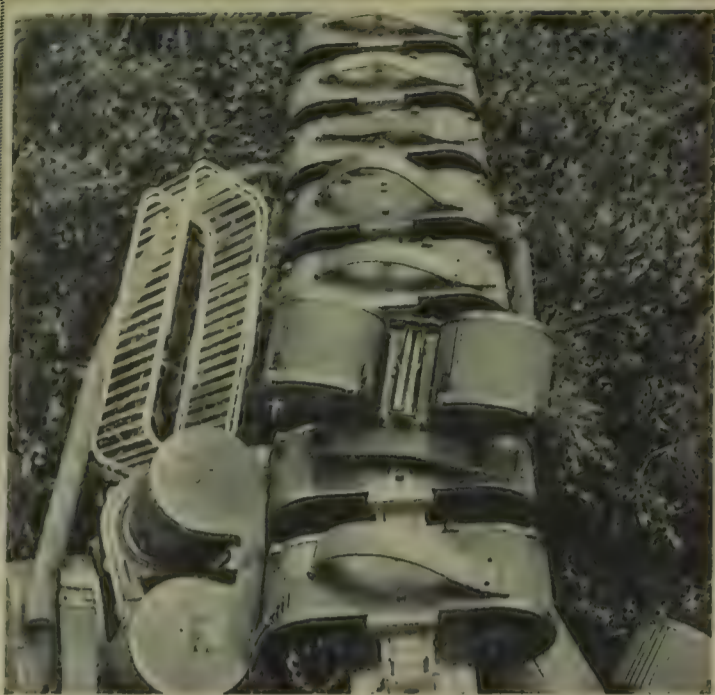


A METHOD OF AERIAL ATTACK TRIED OUT BY THE GERMANS IN POLAND : RAIDING BY PARACHUTE, AGAINST WHICH PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT—THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A RUSSIAN DEMONSTRATION.

As yet attack by parachute has never been tested in warfare between evenly matched antagonists, but that its employment is considered possible is indicated by the precautions taken by the British High Command in France. Vital points behind the lines are strongly held by patrols; headquarters and other units have troops ready to turn out at a moment's notice and repel surprise attacks by parachutes. Only a limited number of men could be used in a parachute attack, and of these few could hope to get away. But such small numbers, raiding strategic points, perhaps kidnapping a headquarters staff, might have considerable nuisance value. In their advance in Poland the Germans made considerable use

of the parachute, bridges and ammunition dumps in the rear being destroyed by landing parties wearing Polish uniforms. The Italians, too, in their "Blitzkrieg" on Albania, were stated to have made use of the parachute on similar lines. Russia, however, is generally regarded as being the first to experiment with the new arm, the German military writer, Major Schüttel, giving as the first date the manœuvres of 1934. Stalin's words, regarding possible Soviet wars against "fascist and capitalist countries" (*sic*), are quoted by Major Schüttel as having reference to large-scale use of parachute attacks: "War will not only be waged at the front, but also in the rear of the enemy." (*Photo. by Planet.*)

AN R.A.F. TRIUMPH OVER SCOTLAND: A GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE 'PLANE SHOT DOWN.



MACHINE-GUN AMMUNITION-DRUMS OF THE GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE MACHINE, COLLECTED AMONG THE HEATHER ON THE EAST LOTHIAN HILLSIDE ON WHICH IT WAS SHOT DOWN. (A.P.)



(ABOVE.) A BULLET-RIDDLED SEAT IN THE CABIN OF THE 'PLANE, AS SEEN AFTER IT WAS SHOT DOWN, WITH BOOTS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT LITTERED ABOUT. (From a Paramount News Film.)



THE R.A.F. REGISTERING PROFESSIONAL PRIDE BESIDE THE BULLET-RIDDLED FUSELAGE—WHICH PLAINLY SHOWS HOW THE FIGHTERS RAKED THEIR PREY. (A.P.)



(LEFT.) A BOOT BELONGING TO ONE OF THE AIRMEN, AND A PROPELLER-BLADE WITH BULLET HOLES IN IT, BESIDE THE WRECKED 'PLANE. A.P.



THE SMASHED COCKPIT, SHOWING THE INSIGNIA OF THE SQUADRON. THE PILOT RECEIVED A NUMBER OF WOUNDS, BUT NEVERTHELESS MANAGED TO PANCAKE HIS MACHINE SAFELY, ON THE SCOTTISH HILLSIDE. (G.P.U.)



GIVING AN IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE 'PLANE AND THE AMOUNT OF FIRE SUFFERED: AN R.A.F. CORPORAL EXAMINING THE BULLET-RIDDLED TAIL. (A.P.)

British fighter pilots spoke with admiration of the "fine achievement" of the pilot of the German aircraft forced down at Humble, East Lothian, Scotland, on October 28, after his machine had been riddled with bullets in the air east of Dalkeith by Royal Air Force fighters and he himself had received a number of wounds. He held on, nevertheless, and even taxied across a field, managing

to rise a few feet into the air, and finally managed to pancake his machine safely among the heather on a Scottish hillside, after going through a wall and crashing in a hollow on the hilltop. The machine carried a crew of four, and when the pilot staggered from the aircraft, assisted by his unwounded navigator, he said in excellent English to a policeman who had appeared: "We surrender"

(Continued opposite.)

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS: THE BOMBER SHOT DOWN IN EAST LoTHIAN.



A NAZI BOMBER CAUGHT WHILE MAKING A RECONNAISSANCE RAID BY R.A.F. FIGHTERS NEAR DALKEITH, SCOTLAND: SIGHTSEERS ROUND THE BULLET-RIDDLED MACHINE, SHOT DOWN BY MEMBERS OF THE AUXILIARY AIR FORCE ON OCTOBER 28, TWO OF ITS CREW OF FOUR BEING KILLED IN THE AIR. (Planet.)



AFTER CRASHING ON A HILLSIDE NEAR THE EAST LoTHIAN VILLAGE OF HUMBIE AFTER A SHARP ENCOUNTER WITH THE R.A.F., EVERY PART BEARING TRACES OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE: THE WRECK OF THE TWIN-ENGINE BOMBER, WHOSE PILOT WAS WOUNDED. (C.P.)

Continued.
as prisoners of war. Please see to my gunners in the back of the aircraft." When, however, investigation was made, the men were found to be dead. The pilot and the navigator were conveyed as prisoners to Edinburgh. Every part of the German aircraft bore traces of devastating machine-gun fire, and even the two metal propellers were drilled with holes. When the British fighters intercepted the pilot he dived to

escape, but they swooped after him, and his machine was crippled by the first burst of fire. Half-way down his port engine petered out and it became clear that he was going to land. The fighters accordingly held their fire and returned to their station. According to "The Times" aeronautical correspondent, the German bomber was a Heinkel 111 K, of a recent short-nosed model.

THE TECHNIQUE OF MODERN GENERALSHIP: A FRENCH H.Q. STAFF AT WORK.



THE "CHIEF" WITH HIS ASSISTANTS: FOUR YOUNGER STAFF OFFICERS SETTING OUT A MAP FOR A GREY-HAIRED, BERIBBONED GENERAL OFFICER, VETERAN OF MANY CAMPAIGNS. (Planet.)

THE BRAINS OF A FRENCH HIGHER FORMATION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING STAFF OFFICERS AT WORK IN A ROOM HUNG WITH HUGE MAPS. (Planet.)

HARD-WORKING, intelligent, well trained in a school whose doctrines are soundly based on the teachings of the last war, hard-headed and disinclined to take the correctness of any conclusions for granted unless they are acceptable to his own critical judgment, the French staff officer combines the best qualities of a democratic army with those professional refinements which the totalitarian states have often claimed flourish best under their own system. The hordes of miscellaneous experts which have always been the bane of the luxuriant military systems of autocracies are not in evidence at the headquarters of commands in the army of the thrifty French Republic. Our illustrations show the sort of routine work which goes on constantly in the headquarters of the higher formations of any European army, the interviewing of prisoners, the collation of aerial photographs and the bringing of maps up to date. In the lower right-hand photograph an officer is seen examining aerial photographs—perhaps showing the Siegfried Line—with the aid of what appears to be a stereoscopic viewer, a device which makes details of the photograph stand out doubly clearly and allows of the easy location of such things as pill-boxes and gun-pits.



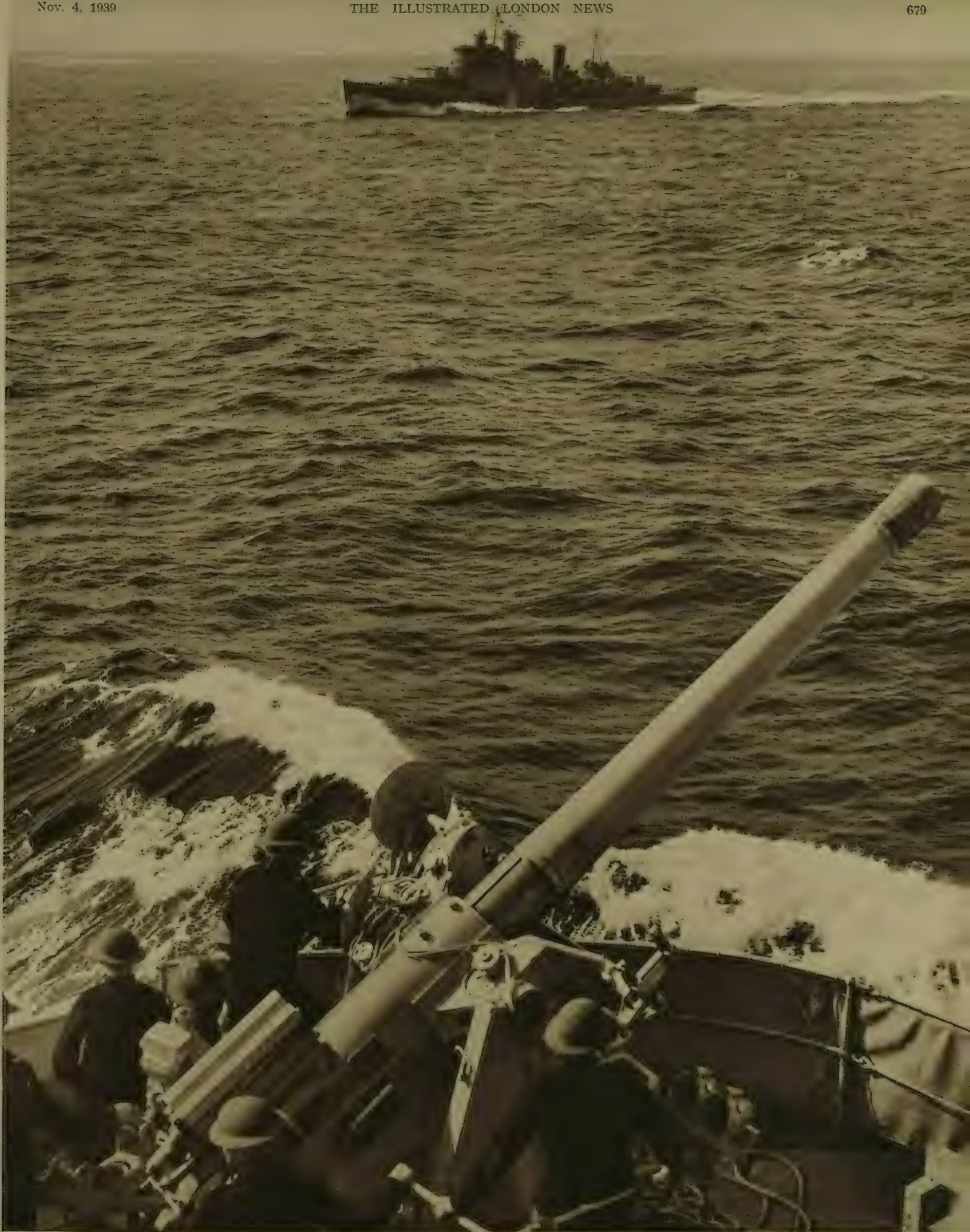
THE DAILY WORK OF THE INTELLIGENCE SECTION: THE INTERROGATION OF A PRISONER, WHOSE CAPTURE MAY HAVE BEEN A PERILOUS OPERATION IN ITSELF, AND WHOSE SIMPLEST STATEMENTS MAY PROVIDE VALUABLE INFORMATION. (Planet.)



IN THE AIR LIAISON DEPARTMENT—AN OFFICER OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE BEING SEEN ON THE LEFT; AND CAPTURED SWASTIKA PENNSONS ON THE WALL AT THE BACK. (Planet.)



THE ALL-IMPORTANT TASK OF BRINGING MAPS UP TO DATE: A SPECIALIST WRITING-IN DETAILS FROM A MOSAIC OF THE LATEST AIR PHOTOGRAPHS, WHICH HE EXAMINES STEREOSCOPICALLY, UPON THE PRINTED MAP. (A.P.)



LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE FRIGATES, WHICH PLAYED AN ALL-IMPORTANT PART IN FIGHTING THE COMMERCE RAIDER IN THE OLD WARS: A BRITISH CRUISER ON PATROL; PHOTOGRAPHED OVER THE A.-A. GUN OF ANOTHER WARSHIP.

The German claim to the "command of the North Sea" ranks as yet another grotesque and impudent fabrication, but its falsity is demonstrated conclusively by the fact that so far no British convoy has been interfered with by any surface attack, not merely in the North Sea, but anywhere at all. That this is so is largely due to the vigilance of such vessels as we illustrate here. The possibility of meeting formidable cruisers leaves the German Admiralty with no option but to use large

and expensive ships if they wish to undertake this type of commerce raiding—with the certainty that such raiders will ultimately be hunted down by the Royal Navy and another Nazi asset be written off. In addition, it has already been found that British cruisers can keep air attackers at a very respectable distance by their fire. In fact, bombing attacks have proved very unprofitable in the face of a barrage put up by 4 in. A.-A. guns, pom-poms and multiple machine-guns. (Fox.)

THE FIRST AIR ATTACK ON A BRITISH CONVOY: THE RAIDING SEAPLANES ROUTED BY OUR FIGHTERS.

Drawn by Our Special Artist G. H. Davis, from Official Data.



THE FIRST GERMAN ATTEMPT TO BOMB A BRITISH CONVOY IN THE NORTH SEA, WHICH ENDED DISASTROUSLY FOR THE ATTACKERS: A DRAWING SHOWING ONE NAZI MACHINE GOING DOWN OUT OF CONTROL, ANOTHER IN THE WATER, WHILE IN THE CENTRE A BRITISH FIGHTER IS ZOOMING UP AND DELIVERING A TERRIFIC BURST OF FIRE FROM EIGHT MACHINE-GUNS INTO A RAIDER'S VITALS.

In the series of enemy attacks on the East Coast convoy—the first of its kind in the war—which took place on October 21, a preliminary attack was delivered in the morning by six German bombers, two of which, Mr. Chamberlain announced in the House on October 26, were probably destroyed. In the afternoon, further attacks were made by two formations of nine and twelve enemy machines respectively, of which four were certainly destroyed, and probably five. The graphic drawing reproduced on these pages illustrates an intensive phase during the afternoon attack, when the convoy was moving

southward in the North Sea, escorted by war vessels. Nine enemy aircraft suddenly appeared, flying in "V" formation. The escort vessels immediately opened anti-aircraft fire and split the formation. Meanwhile, British fighters that had come out from the coast hurled themselves at the widely spread enemy seaplanes, four of which went down. At the same time three more British fighters came up and dived on another enemy seaplane, which went down through the clouds. The enemy Heinkel 115's which were brought down are large seaplanes, with a speed of over 200 miles per hour. They

have a span of 72 ft. 7 in., and a range of 1300 miles, and are considered to be among the most modern and efficient German seaplanes. Primarily designed for torpedo-carrying, they have two 880-h.p. air-cooled BMW De Radial motors. Such raiding on convoys by close formations of enemy aircraft had been awaited with some anxiety in the past few weeks, but this first attack provided additional and compelling proof of the futility of such attempts on well-guarded convoys and of our own air mastery. For, as the Prime Minister emphasised in the account of the attack given in Parliament

on October 26: "None of the ships or escorts in the convoys suffered hurt, nor did any of the Royal Air Force aircraft engaged." Mr. K. Luke, chief officer of a collier in the convoy, in a description of the attack given to the Press, declared: "When the raiders had been finally driven off, one of the escort vessels passed along the lines of the convoy flying a signal from the commanding officer congratulating us upon the way we had kept formation during the attack." The convoy continued on its way and finally reached its destination without further molestation from aircraft or U-boats.

IN A "NAFFY" CANTEEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MEN OF ALL RANKS AWAITING THEIR TURN.

Drawn by Our Special War Artist on the Western Front, Captain Bryan de Grineau.



"WHO'S NEXT?": BEHIND THE COUNTER AT THE "NAFFY" DURING A RUN ON SUPPLIES: OFFICERS AND MEN IN A description: "The 'Naffy,' or N.A.A.F.I. (Navy, Army and Air Force Institute), is the 1939 equivalent of the old Expeditionary Force Canteen of the last war. There are several operating at various points accessible to the troops on the British front, and the organising of messing is in full swing.

N.A.A.F.I. CANTEEN, WHERE WHISKY COSTS ABOUT SEVEN SHILLINGS A BOTTLE!—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST.

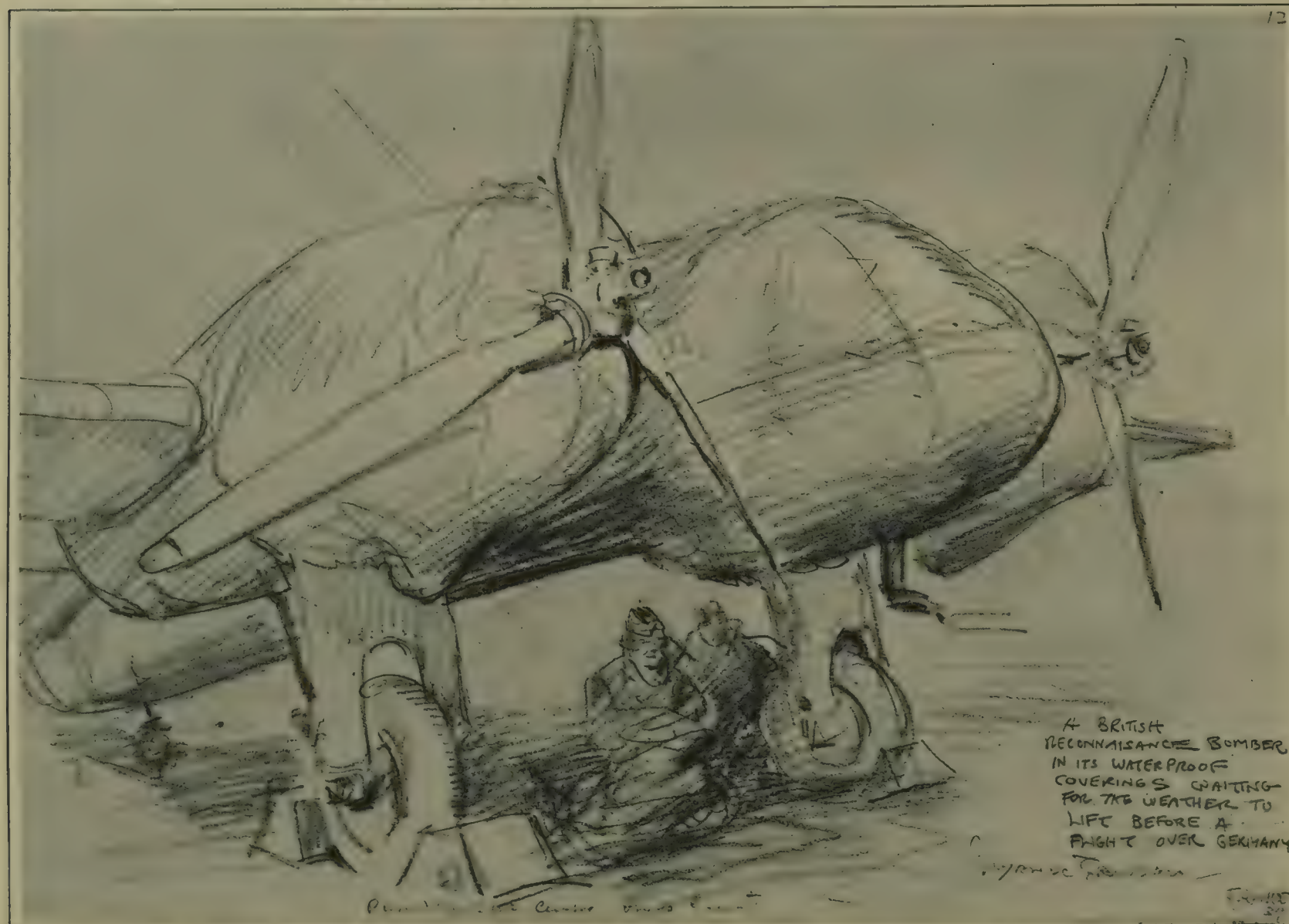
Staff Officers from G.H.Q. rub shoulders with the private soldier, sent in from the front line with units' lists of requirements—"First come, first served" being the rule, while the supply lasts. The first thing the British soldier does is to make himself at home wherever he is; and with whisky selling at roughly

7s. a bottle, gin at 5s. 4d., sherry at 4s. 2d., port at 4s. 6d., cigarettes of all the brands best known in England at 20 for 7d. (to quote some 'Naffy' prices), and with food-stuffs, soap, etc., on the same scale of cheapness, the home front can regard the held front with perhaps a little envy in this particular."

OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST WITH THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE.



ON A BRITISH FLYING-FIELD IN FRANCE: A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN FRANCE SHOWING BRITISH "SPOTTERS" STANDING BY; WHILE A FRENCH MACHINE-GUN POST (LEFT) GUARDS AGAINST AIR ATTACK.



"BAD WEATHER HAS INTERFERED WITH FLYING ACTIVITY": A DRAWING ILLUSTRATING THIS FREQUENT SENTENCE IN RECENT COMMUNIQUÉS, SHOWING A BRITISH RECONNAISSANCE BOMBER IN WATERPROOF COVERINGS WAITING FOR CONDITIONS TO IMPROVE BEFORE A FLIGHT OVER THE GERMAN LINES.

In spite of the intensive research and the immense amount of money devoted to the building-up of the Air Force in Germany, not to speak of the advertisement that Air Force has received, it has not yet distinguished itself on the Western

Front. Air battles to date have clearly shown the superiority of Allied 'planes. A recent report reveals that between September 3 and October 20 France lost eight chaser 'planes as against twenty-four German machines brought down.

U-BOAT WAR ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



VICTIM OF A U-BOAT OUTRAGE: THE S.S. "YORKSHIRE," SUNK WITHOUT WARNING WITH "DEPLORABLE LOSS OF LIFE" BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE IN THE ATLANTIC, WHICH THEN TORPEDOED THE "CITY OF MANDALAY." (Planet.)



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE "YORKSHIRE" HAD BEEN TORPEDOED BY A U-BOAT IN THE ATLANTIC, WITH THE LOSS OF MANY LIVES—THE STRICKEN VESSEL ON THE POINT OF FOUNDERING. ("Times" Photo.)



A TRAGEDY OF RUTHLESS U-BOAT WARFARE: A YOUNG SURVIVOR FROM THE "CITY OF MANDALAY" WHOSE MOTHER WAS DROWNED, SEEN WITH ANOTHER SURVIVOR ON BOARD THE AMERICAN RESCUING SHIP, "INDEPENDENCE HALL." (A.P.)

Immediately after the torpedoing of the Bibby vessel s.s. "Yorkshire," the U-boat sank the Ellerman liner "City of Mandalay" without warning. In his weekly review of the war, Mr. Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons on October 26, that it seemed now to have become the rule for merchant ships to be sunk without warning. "Frequently passengers and crew have been turned adrift in small open boats," he said, "in stormy seas, to suffer from cold and exposure. In the case of the s.s. 'Yorkshire' in particular there was a deplorable loss of life

[Continued above.]

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR IN BRITAIN.

Continued.

amongst the wives and children of soldiers returning home from the East." In the two top left pictures—taken from another ship—the explosions of the torpedoes fired at the "Yorkshire" may be seen. The captain of the American rescue-ship, "Independence Hall," ignored the order of the U-boat commander that "the hundred British soldiers and airmen must be left to drown." It should be explained that these men were being invalided home from the Far East. Although unrestricted submarine warfare brings "successes" such as these, the photographs given below of German prisoners-of-war show that the Navy has exacted retribution.



A COMPANY THAT IS STEADILY INCREASING WEEK BY WEEK: MEMBERS OF GERMAN U-BOAT CREWS IN A PRISONERS-OF-WAR CAMP SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL BEHIND BARBED WIRE. (G.P.U.)



MEMBERS OF AN ENEMY ARM GUILTY OF "THE WORST OUTRAGES": U-BOAT PETTY OFFICERS JUST LANDED AFTER THEIR CAPTURE, UNDER NAVAL GUARD AT A BRITISH PORT—INTERESTING TYPES OF GERMAN SUBMARINE CREWS. (Topical.)



THE FIRST PICTURE OF ENEMY PRISONERS IN LONDON: TWO NAZI AIRMEN, PRISONERS OF WAR, ARRIVING IN THE METROPOLIS UNDER MILITARY ESCORT, ONE OF WHOM CARRIES HIS CHARGES' EFFECTS. (G.P.U.)

PICTORIAL NEWS FROM LAND AND SEA: GERMAN COMMERCE-RAIDING; THE VALLEYFIELD PIT DISASTER.



AN ARMED BRITISH MERCHANTMAN: THE STERN GUN; AND SMOKE GENERATORS FOR SCREENING HERSELF AND OTHER VESSELS IN A CONVOY. That the arming of British merchant ships effectively interferes with U-boat depredations is shown by the fury of the Germans against this measure. Statements that such arms are against international law are quite baseless—merchant ships have armed themselves against piracy from time immemorial. Several cases have recently been reported of British merchant ships carrying on running fight with U-boats. (A.P.)



A SERried RANK OF A.F.S. TRAILERS: AN IMPRESSIVE ELEMENT IN LONDON'S VOLUNTARY FIRE-FIGHTING ORGANISATION, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A RECENT FULL-SCALE TEST.

Hundreds of members of the London Auxiliary Fire Service took part in large-scale exercises in fire-fighting held at Willesden and Barking on October 29. Over 300 pumps and four fire-floats were brought into action. The concentration of men and machines was most impressive on Barking Creek, where fires were presumed to be raging in a petroleum depot, a timber yard, and a power station. At a signal the four fire-floats and the whole of the fire-pumps assembled brought their units into action in a combined attack. (G.P.U.)



A GERMAN POCKET-BATTLESHIP WHICH IT IS THOUGHT MAY HAVE TAKEN TO COMMERCE-RAIDING IN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC: THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER."

Considerable mystery still surrounds the German commerce raiders in the Atlantic. Her capture of the "City of Flint" makes it certain that the "Deutschland" is one of them; but it now seems likely that it was, after all, the "Admiral Scheer" which sank the "Clement" off the coast of Brazil. The "Admiral Scheer" is thought to have now entered the Pacific. A German vessel, the "Dresden," possibly a supply ship, left Valparaiso a little while ago.



A GLARING EXAMPLE OF GERMAN HIGH-HANDEDNESS: THE U.S. FREIGHTER "CITY OF FLINT" CAPTURED BY THE "DEUTSCHLAND" AND SENT TO MURMANSK.

The case of the "City of Flint" promises to be one of the most troublesome of the war. She was stopped by the German raider "Deutschland" and a prize crew put aboard her, and also the crew of the British "Stonegate," sunk by the "Deutschland." Later she put in at Tromsø for water. The Norwegians disarmed the German prize crew and released the "Stonegate's" men. The "City of Flint" went on to Murmansk. Following protests from the U.S.A., she was released by the Russians, to sail, it was believed, for Germany. (Planet.)



A SCOTTISH COLLIERY WHERE THE TRAGEDY OF A DISASTER IN THE PIT HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE ANXIETIES OF WAR WHICH THE MINERS SHARE WITH THE WHOLE NATION: A RESCUE SQUAD BRINGING ONE OF THE VICTIMS FROM THE VALLEYFIELD PIT. (Fox.)

Thirty-five miners lost their lives in a fire-damp explosion at Valleyfield Colliery, near Dunfermline, Fifeshire, early on October 28. Nineteen others were injured, two of them seriously. Rescue work was hampered by the black-out. The hero of the disaster was a miner called Thomas Kerr, who, although badly injured, crawled through the fume-laden air and telephoned to the surface.



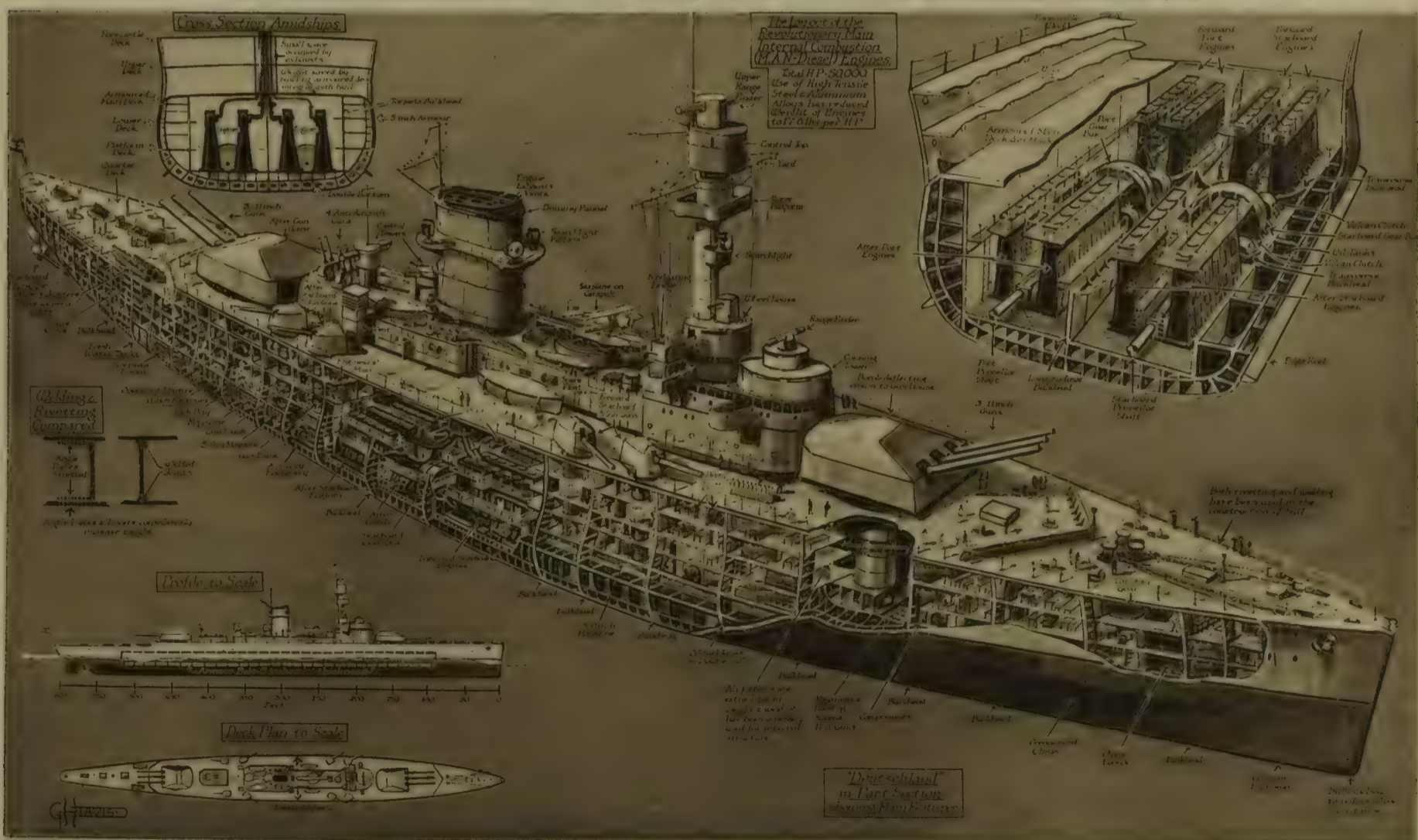
THE HEARTBREAKING WAIT AT THE PIT-HEAD: WIVES AND CHILDREN OF VALLEYFIELD MINERS—SOME OF WHOM, HOWEVER, HAVE RECEIVED GOOD NEWS, TO JUDGE BY THEIR EXPRESSIONS. (Planet.)

He was among the first rescued, but died in hospital later. His son was also killed. The King sent a telegram of sympathy to the Earl of Elgin, the Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, as did also the Prime Minister and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Secretary for Mines. A committee has been formed, under the presidency of Lord Elgin, to inaugurate a relief fund for the dependants of the victims.

A HUNTED GERMAN RAIDER: THE "POCKET BATTLESHIP" "DEUTSCHLAND."



ONE OF TWO GERMAN "POCKET BATTLESHIPS" REPORTED TO BE OPERATING IN THE ATLANTIC: THE "DEUTSCHLAND," WHICH SEIZED THE AMERICAN STEAMER "CITY OF FLINT," AND IS PROBABLY BEING HUNTED BY FAST ALLIED CRUISERS AIDED BY THE SEAPLANES NOW CARRIED ABOARD THEM. (C.P.)



THE MAIN FEATURES OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND" WHICH, ALTHOUGH SUPERIOR IN ALL BUT SPEED TO OUR CRUISERS, IS OUTCLASSED BY FIVE WARSHIPS OF THE ALLIED FLEETS: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF A GERMAN "POCKET BATTLESHIP" REPORTED TO BE ACTIVE IN THE ATLANTIC. (Drawn by G. H. Davis.)

The arrival of the American ship "City of Flint" at the Soviet port of Murmansk, with a German prize crew aboard, was the first indication that a German warship was operating in the Atlantic. According to reports, the "City of Flint" was seized by the "pocket battleship" "Deutschland," which is also believed to have sunk the British steamer "Stonegate," and, on October 14, the Norwegian steamer "Lorentz W. Hansen." Previously there had been a report that the "pocket battleship" "Admiral Scheer" was responsible for the sinking of the Booth liner "Clement" in the South Atlantic on September 30. There are three of these

10,000-ton ships in the German Navy, and they are armed with six 11-in. guns, and have a range of 10,000 miles. Their speed of 26 knots is below that of the modern Allied cruisers, and once they have been located by our warships the "pocket battleships" can be followed until an opportunity occurs to destroy them. There are five vessels in the Allied Fleets which are superior to the "pocket battleships" in speed, armament, and protection. The cruisers employed in searching for the raiders will be greatly assisted by the seaplanes which now form part of their equipment, and by wireless reports from merchant shipping.

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: WATCHING AND WAITING.

By CYRIL FALLS.

AS I write this article, attention is directed to the West, and especially to the Dutch frontier. It has been reported that a large concentration of German troops has taken place between Southern Holland and the Rhine. Telephonic communication between Germany and Holland has been cut off, and though the lines have since been reopened, the use of them has evidently been strictly controlled. Berlin has been remarkably silent, and seems to be living in an atmosphere of expectancy. On the other hand, the stream of propaganda poured into the channels of the neutral Press has become even more menacing and fuller of vague suggestions of horrors than usual. These reports have been differently interpreted. To some good judges it appears incredible that Germany should at this stage contemplate saddling herself with yet another hostile population, to say nothing of attacking a not inconsiderable army and air force. They point out that heavy rains are rendering even light soil daily less suitable for campaigning; that rivers continue to swell, the rise of the Rhine itself having been very swift during the past few days. They ask whether it would be worth Germany's while to invade Holland without simultaneously entering Belgium, and, if not, whether Hitler's military advisers will not have pointed out to him the risk of bringing into the war yet another army, which may be small, but is known to be well trained and equipped, and to be covered by fortifications of no mean strength. They may suggest that the railways from Berlin to Hamburg, Bremen and Hanover may have been employed to transport further troops to the French front.

To this argument, it is retorted that a strictly military appreciation of the situation may not have its full weight with an overstrung and exasperated mystic surrounded by a gang of ruffians whose ultimate fate may yet be the lamp-post, and who therefore have every inducement to gamble. It is added that the Swiss, who have their ears close to the European sounding-board, suspect that movements on their frontier—where, incidentally, telephonic communication was also interrupted for a time—are intended to mask the preparation of schemes elsewhere. Finally, it is pointed out that an invasion of Holland only, Belgium being bluffed or threatened into remaining quiet, might not be unprofitable to Germany but, on the contrary, might be of service in the type of warfare which she probably has in immediate contemplation.

I am not bold enough to prophesy, though I can scarcely believe that anything short of criminal lunacy could induce the Nazis to violate the territory of a people at once so inoffensive and so universally respected for their sterling qualities as the Dutch. Supposing, however, that they decided upon such a course, I will endeavour to define their probable objects. Well, the first is obvious enough. The occupation of Holland would make air raids on England very much easier. Everyone is aware that our eastern cities and ports are already well within the range of German aircraft operating from their own aerodromes, but to say so much is not to say all. Raids carried out from such a distance are very expensive in petrol, and give the defence a longer warning than is to the taste of the raiders. A saving of, say, 120 miles each way would be much appreciated from both points of view. I am told, too, that we have hitherto had to do chiefly with the naval air arm, which is comparatively small, and that the ordinary German

bombing pilots are not very efficient when flying over great stretches of open sea. The advantages from the point of view of submarine operations would be less great, but they would count, especially should Germany have in mind a campaign of intensified mine-laying by means of U-boats of the smaller, short-range type.

Now, supposing that an invasion of Holland were attempted without a simultaneous invasion of Belgium, what would be the latter's reaction? She would be told that Germany intended to respect her frontiers so long as she remained neutral, and that this was no quarrel of hers. Should she acquiesce in the German scheme, Hitler would find himself in a strong position. He would not only have gained the advantages which I have set out above; he would

with the project of tempting the French to violate the neutrality of Belgium in order that the guilt of doing so should not rest upon Germany.

Yet, still assuming for the sake of argument that Belgium made no attempt to aid Holland in resisting invasion, and that the invasion was successfully carried out, we should not be altogether deprived of alternative means of attacking Germany. I have spoken of the strength and limited extent of the fortified German frontier facing France. This frontier represents a powerful barrier to air forces also. The alternative route for aircraft to the most suitable targets in Germany is longer than the German route to targets on our east coast. Were Holland to be invaded by the Nazis, we should be able to fly straight

across her territory, and so save both distance and time. Many new targets would be uncovered. I need mention only the arms factories at and about Essen and the coal-field of the Ruhr Valley, which are at present to a considerable extent protected by the Dutch frontier. Moreover, whether or not the invasion of Holland were accompanied by an air offensive against us, I cannot conceive that we should hesitate any longer to attack legitimate military targets in Germany for fear of killing civilians. So far both sides have abstained from such action, though in Germany's case obviously not for reasons of humanity, since she showed none in Poland. If we were to see Germany attempting to install her bombers on the Western coast of Holland, it seems certain that we should be compelled to change our policy in face of such a threat.

I have no space here to discuss the possibility of the Dutch being able to hold up the German advance by means of flooding, but it is known that their plan for doing so has been carefully drawn up, and that they are inspired by a certain measure of confidence in it. On the other hand, it would be fully taken into account in the preparation of any German scheme. Nor is it necessary to deal with the more obvious alternative, a simultaneous invasion of Holland and Belgium. That represents a problem which must have been the constant preoccupation of the French General Staff for years past, and of our own for over a twelvemonth at least. Were Germany to put such a scheme into force, it can be assumed

that we should take instant action, by ground forces as well as by the forces of the air, to combat it, and that our plans for doing so are fully prepared.

If military correspondents to daily papers are chary of attempts to foresee the future, I who write some five days before my words are to be read may perhaps be permitted a certain amount of caution. Yet I will go so far as to say that my opinion is against the likelihood of a great ground offensive in the present weather. Indeed, were Germany to carry out the Dutch scheme which I have outlined, I consider it would be largely in the hope of thereby avoiding a series of winter battles. On the other hand, it is scarcely likely that the Germans will sit down for the winter without some attempt to fulfil the threats uttered by Ribbentrop. In that case we should have a real trial of strength in the air.



WHERE THE PROSPECT OF OBTAINING BETTER AIR AND SUBMARINE BASES FOR ATTACKS ON ENGLAND CONSTITUTES A TEMPTATION TO GERMAN STRATEGISTS TO VIOLATE THE NEUTRALITY OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM: THE WESTERN FRONTIER OF THE REICH; AND THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF FRANCE, BOTH HEDGED WITH FORTIFICATIONS.

The water lines and inundations with which Holland and Belgium plan to defend themselves against invasion were given in a pictorial map in our issue of October 21. The Belgian "Meginot Line" covers the immediate Belgian-German frontier and has its northern flank covered by the Albert Canal from Antwerp to Maastricht. It is not known whether its southern flank has been protected with works on the Belgian-Luxemburg frontier; but the mountainous nature of this zone (the Ardennes) makes rapid penetration much more difficult. A German offensive against Belgium and Holland might well be combined with a movement against Switzerland by way of diversion. (Reproduced by Courtesy of "The Times.")

also have established his armies in a favourable situation for a further extension of the struggle at a later period, when Belgium would find herself in a plight similar to that of Poland last September. Belgium has proclaimed her intention to fight if attacked, and it is at first sight hard to believe that she would be weak enough to permit Germany thus to turn the great barrier of the Ardennes without fighting for them. If Belgium fought, she knows that she could count on ready support from the Allies, with the well-equipped little British Army moving in the van of her rescuers. If she accepted the situation, what would be our reaction? It is possible that Germany hopes to place us in a quandary. She recalls that in 1914 she brought us into the war and made herself an object of execration by her invasion of Belgium in defiance of her solemn pledges.



THE NAZI CONTROL OF THE NORTH SEA—ON PAPER!: AN ATTACK ON A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, PRESUMABLY THE "ARK ROYAL," ILLUSTRATED BY AN IMAGINATIVE GERMAN ARTIST.

The Nazi leaders are using every means to convince the German people that their Air Force and Navy can dispute the British Navy's control of the North Sea. The drawing reproduced above appeared recently in a German paper, and was described as "An attack on an English aircraft-carrier in the North Sea." Presumably it is meant to portray the attack by twenty aircraft on a squadron of the British Navy on September 26. On that occasion two enemy flying-boats

were brought down and a third was badly damaged. Our warships were not hit, and there were no British casualties. Later, in German news bulletins broadcast in English, the claim was made that the aircraft-carrier "Ark Royal" had been sunk, and the announcer repeatedly demanded "Where is the 'Ark Royal'?" The Admiralty did not satisfy his curiosity, but the U.S. Naval Attaché visited the Home Fleet, and found the "Ark Royal" undamaged.

A PERILOUS BUT UNSPECTACULAR TASK—MINESWEEPERS AT WORK.



A BUSY SCENE ON BOARD A MINESWEEPER: HAULING IN A "WATER-KITE" (NOT UNLIKE A SMALL STEP-LADDER), WHICH KEEPS THE SWEEP AT THE REQUIRED DEPTH. (Planet.)



PERFORMING ONE OF THE LEAST SPECTACULAR BUT MOST IMPORTANT TASKS OF THE NAVY: A FLOTILLA OF MINESWEEPERS—IN THIS CASE CONVERTED TRAWLERS—IN LINE AHEAD. (Planet.)



SCENES ON A MINESWEEPER—(LEFT) DROPPING AN ORAPISA FLOAT, WHICH MARKS THE POSITION OF A PARAVANE; AND (RIGHT) PART OF THE GEAR EMPLOYED IN MINESWEEPING—RESEMBLING A SERIES OF FOOTBALLS STRUNG TOGETHER. (Planet and Fox.)



On these pages we reproduce some photographs of the carrying out of one of the Royal Navy's least spectacular but at the same time most important and dangerous tasks—that of minesweeping. Some idea of the magnitude of this task may be gathered from the fact that in the last war the number of mines destroyed

at home and abroad by British vessels amounted to 23,873. Of these, 11,487 were moored, and 12,386 were drifting. The danger of the minesweeper's task is indicated by the fact that 214 minesweepers were sunk or damaged between 1914 and 1918. Another remarkable point is that, of the various classes of British

(Continued opposite.)

MINESWEEPERS PATROL: EX-TRAWLERS AND REGULAR NAVAL UNITS.



A DAWN PATROL: FISHING TRAWLERS CONVERTED INTO MINESWEEPERS REPEATING THEIR MAGNIFICENT BUT UNSPECTACULAR WORK OF 1914-18, INVOLVING AN UNCEASING SEARCH TO KEEP THE SEAS FREE FROM ENEMY MINES. (Planet.)



CONTRASTING WITH THE CONVERTED TRAWLERS ABOVE: A FLOTILLA OF A RECENT TYPE OF MINESWEEPER OFF THE BRITISH COAST. THESE LITTLE VESSELS HAVE A SPEED OF SOME 16 TO 17 KNOTS, WHICH IS AMPLE FOR THEIR TYPE OF WORK. (Fox.)

Continued.

ships sunk during the last war, more were sunk by mines than by guns. These casualties mainly occurred in the early years; by 1918, the menace was mastered, and a marked decrease of ships hit set in. Both paravanes and sweeps were then used to clear the seas of mines—the paravane, an instrument shaped like

a torpedo and keeping its depth by means of a hydrostatic arrangement, cutting the wire of moored mines, the mines then coming to the surface, where they could be sunk. The principal sweep used in the last war was the "A" sweep, consisting of a single 2½-in. wire towed between two ships 500 yards apart.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DURING the long winter

evenings, when the outer world and its diversions are all blacked out, those whose task it is to "keep the home fires burning" will doubtless turn more and more to books for solace and recreation. Since for most people a book means a novel, it has been decided for the present to devote this page in alternate weeks to fiction. Having been almost entirely restricted to factual and informative works—travel, biography, political studies and so on—during the fourteen years that I have been writing the page, I find the new departure not unwelcome, as a release into the lighter and freer air of creative imagination. Moreover, it is quite like old times, taking me back to those peaceful, pre-aviation days, nearly forty years ago, when I reviewed novels for the old *Daily Chronicle* and the *Outlook*.

In war-time many of us take our literary pleasures sadly, or at any rate seriously. It will be appropriate, therefore, to begin with a historical novel of sombre and tragic character, written in a spirit of deep sincerity, namely, "The Blood of the Martyrs." By Naomi Mitchison (Constable; 8s. 6d.). Here the persecution of the Christians under Nero and his brutal henchman, Tigellinus, is pictured in all its revolting cruelty, along with the corruption and sensuality of Roman society, the miseries of the slave system, and the hideous sadism of the blood orgies in the arena.

Passages of spiritual exaltation, recalling in some respects "The Sign of the Cross," are mixed with scenes of agony akin to incidents in Flaubert's Carthaginian story, "Salammbô." For English readers Mrs. Mitchison's book has a special interest, as the hero is a young Briton, a son of Caractacus (Caractacus), the British king taken captive to Rome and pardoned by the Emperor Claudius. This boy, Beric, had then been adopted by a kindly Roman senator of the old school, hostile to Nero, and at the outset of the story is seen gradually coming under Christian influence.

While most of the characters are fictitious (diverse types attracted to Rome from various provinces of the Empire, such as Greece, Egypt and Asia Minor), several of them belong to actual history. Besides Nero himself, we meet his wife, Poppaea; his former Greek mistress, Acte, who remained his friend and had a moderating influence on him; the poet Lucan and his uncle, Junius Gallio, ex-Proconsul of Achæa; and another aristocrat, Flavius Scævinius, who, with Gallio and Seneca (Nero's old tutor), were afterwards fatally involved in the conspiracy of Piso. Prominent among the Christian community are St. Paul, awaiting trial after his appeal, as a Roman citizen, to Caesar; and St. Luke, then said to be engaged in writing his Gospel, and giving medical aid to Christians in prison.

From rather vague recollections of the Roman history which I read in my youth, and have since largely forgotten, I should say that the book gives a fairly authentic impression of the Neronian scene, though some of the historic personages appear in an unfamiliar light. Thus we find the Empress Poppaea, usually presented as a thoroughly bad and abandoned woman, snubbing Tigellinus for his ignorance about Christian belief and advising him to read Virgil; while Nero himself naively remarks: "So mind, Tigellinus, no religious persecution. The Empress and I abhor persecution." Again, an incidental allusion to Cleopatra, ignoring her relations with Antony, extols her as "a great Queen," who "fought Rome for the thing which we all want, for the golden age of peace and joy and compassion, when the common people shall at last be free."

This last sentence, I think, contains a key to the author's purpose and point of view. Mrs. Mitchison is a sister of Professor J. B. S. Haldane, and in politics her leaning is evidently towards the left. The trend of the present volume is also adumbrated in her "dedication," where she alludes to "Austrian socialists in the counter-revolution of 1931 . . . and the named and unnamed host of the witnesses against tyranny and superstition and the worship

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

of the State, witnesses for humanity and reason and kindness, whose blood is crying to us now, and whose martyrdom will help to build the Kingdom which we all want in our hearts." This novel, it will be apparent, is partly in the nature of a political tract, an indictment of Roman "totalitarian" tyranny, with modern analogies, as indicated when Nero speaks of "strength through joy," and declares: "My patience will not endure everything. Heads must roll!" Early Christianity is represented, not so much as a divine revelation, but as a social and moral movement for the uplifting of the poor, while Christ is classed in the same category as Spartacus and other early champions of the downtrodden toilers.

Considered simply as a story, "The Blood of the Martyrs" is not so dramatic, I think, as it might have been. There is little element of mystery or surprise. More interesting

Another notable novel

by a woman writer, this time hailing from the United States, but forming a complete contrast, both in matter and manner, to that discussed above, is "Old Home Week." By Minnie Hite Moody (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). On a slighter scale, this book has some affinities with Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." In a richly comic vein, but not without a touch of pathos and even tragedy, it portrays the local humours, escapades, and scandals of a small American town, during a carnival week when former residents forgather to revisit the scenes of their youth and renew old friendships. Several of them also revive old love-affairs, while some of the inhabitants develop new ones, with disturbing results. The plot concerns various members of one particular family, and the most delightful character is "Grandma," an adventurous old lady who, during the celebrations, attains the dignity of a centenarian, and insists on enjoying all the fun of the fair, including a joy-ride in an "airplane" on her hundredth birthday. She reminds me of my own grandmother, who on the night of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee was left at home by her family because of her age (eighty-eight), and amazed them on their return by saying that she had had a splendid view of the illuminations, having gone out alone and toured the London streets by omnibus.

Mrs. Moody's amusing book, which has been chosen by a prominent American critic as one of the ten best novels of the year, can be safely commended to British readers. In essentials, they will find, provincial life in America seems much the same as our own. One minor difference is in the meanings attached to the names of certain objects, suggesting the need (which I think has been recently supplied) of a popular Anglo-American dictionary. Thus, to an English reader, it may sound odd to learn that, in a moment of emotion, "Annie . . . flung herself on to the davenport"; or that "Josephine . . . flounced down on the glider," which "moved slowly on its rollers"; or that "Hiram . . . eased his suspenders off his shoulders." Regarding the general theme of the story, I cannot think of any exact equivalent over here to an "Old Home Week" in municipal life, though the demoralising effect of public festivities on individuals has been treated in English fiction, as, for example, in some of Sir Hugh Walpole's "Glebehire" novels.

Turning suddenly from rural America to rural Ireland, one naturally feels a deep change of mentality and atmosphere. Yet there are at least two things—the power of Cupid and "the might of local gossip"—in common between the Middle Western township of Prairieville, as described by Mrs. Moody, and the Irish village of Athroonagh, remote among the Kilkenny hills, which forms the principal scene in "The Story of Mona Sheehy." By Lord Dunsany (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). Elements of humour, fantasy and realism are blended as only Lord Dunsany knows how to blend them. Mona was a love-child, born of a strange and unpremeditated nocturnal encounter, on the slopes of Slieve-na-mona, between a beautiful peeress, resplendent in ball-dress and diamond tiara, and a young farmer in search of a lost sheep. On the long drive home from the ball, she had taken a fancy to wander away from her carriage over the mountain side, and to keep warm she danced on a slab of granite under the stars. Little wonder that the astonished swain, imbued with the superstitions of his race, took this dazzling creature for the Queen of the Fairies, who in Ireland are known as the Shee. Accordingly when, within a year, a babe was brought to his door by a mysterious woman speaking an unknown tongue (actually Italian), and was left in charge of himself and his sister, they decided to call the child Mona, after the mountain, and Sheehy, in allusion to her magical origin.

I have not given away the plot—a thing always to be avoided in reviewing novels—for these preliminary facts emerge from the first few pages, along with the reactions

(Continued on page 693.)



A NOTABLE PORTRAIT OF THE MINISTER FOR CO-ORDINATION OF DEFENCE: "ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD," BY R. G. EVES, R.A.

Lord Chatfield, who was appointed Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence on January 28 this year, is a member of the War Cabinet set up on September 3. He attended a meeting of the Allied Supreme War Council held on French soil on September 12 and was present at a subsequent meeting held in Sussex. He was First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff from 1933 to 1938, and when he retired he had been in continuous employ for nearly thirty years. This notable portrait by Mr. R. G. Eves was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1938.

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are the conversations, such as those between Gallio and St. Paul, between Christians and prospective converts, and among Roman senators disgusted with Nero's régime and discussing the possibilities of his removal. The outpourings of religious fervour at the secret Christian meetings become a little tedious. In the first half, the story suffers in speed and continuity from its extensive geographical scope and constant change of scene, in a series of chapters introducing various characters and their early life. Eventually they are all brought together (like Mr. Priestley's "Good Companions"), and then the tale moves more briskly. Modern slang is freely used, both in the dialogue and the narrative. I see no great objection to this if it helps the type of reader whom the author has in view to visualise the Roman world more clearly. The Romans doubtless used slang, and how else could it be conveyed?



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

PETROL, in the eyes of motorists, has become more precious than diamonds, rubies, and all the other gems put together. It is a thing to be cherished, conserved and—yes!—coveted by those who have been able to discover no valid reason why they should have an extra allowance. But there is a bright side to all this, and it is probable that motorists of the future will have cause to thank Hitler for bringing about some intensive research work in the matter of reducing the petrol consumption of motor-cars.

There are a number of ways in which the motorist can modify his car in order to obtain the maximum fuel economy, but not all of them are desirable.



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One which springs to the mind immediately is the introduction of a washer in the inlet manifold, thus obstructing the flow of mixture and permitting the engine to inhale it only in limited quantities. This, in turn, greatly reduces the efficiency of the engine, and therefore the speed of the car, and some years ago this method was actually used by certain manufacturers to make sure that their cars were not over-driven in the running-in period.

Fuel consumption can be improved, however, without sacrificing performance to that extent. Alteration of the carburetter setting is a fairly obvious method, but this should be done with care, because a mixture that is too thin can result in damage, through overheating, to the valves and pistons. By all means try another setting, but don't expect to get all your saving in fuel from this alteration alone. You will get a bigger saving, and a more scientific one, by attending to every conceivable point affecting the running of your car.

There is the question of engine temperature, for example. Nothing is more wasteful than an engine that runs consistently at an excessively low temperature. If your car is not fitted with one already, it is well worth buying a radiator thermometer with a fascia-board gauge, and with the help of this you can mask your radiator with a muff or some cardboard until it normally runs at a high temperature. You will, of course, have changed to a winter grade of thin oil by now, and this, too, should be kept rather hotter than usual. This would be dangerous advice in normal times, when cars are driven at full throttle for prolonged spells, but most motorists to-day drive at a moderate speed in order to save petrol, and the short journeys necessitated by petrol rations



AMID THE INVIOLENT QUIET OF A BYGONE AGE: A MORRIS 8-H.P. TOURER PASSING THROUGH AN OXFORDSHIRE VILLAGE.

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prevent the engine oil from reaching the high temperature attained on long runs. The Castrol people tell me that some motorists are going the whole hog and using the lightest grade in their range, Castrolite, even though the grade normally recommended for winter use in their cars may be a slightly heavier oil, like Castrol XL. In older engines this may lead to a small increase in oil consumption, but oil is not yet rationed—and the reduced monthly mileage reduces the cost to negligible proportions. The car will run more easily, and therefore require less power and fuel to drive it, if a thin grade of oil is used in the gearbox and back axle as well.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 692.)

of the village priest after the farmer's confession of his sin. The legend of Mona's parentage spread through the countryside, and became known to Mona herself as a little girl, through overhearing conversations. In the earlier part of the book, tracing its effect on her life and character, and on the behaviour of the villagers towards her, Lord Dunsany describes, with his usual felicity, the beauty of nature among the Irish hills, the simple beliefs of the people, and the habits—sometimes sinister—of the gipsy-like travelling tinkers. One gets, for instance, new light on that popular expression, "a tinker's curse." Some of the village talk, such as the remark by a sergeant of the R.I.C. that he might lose his stripes if he arrested one who belonged to "the Little People," or was "even only half one of them," reminded me irresistibly of Strephon (who was "half a fairy") in "Iolanthe," and of Sergeant Willis, who sprouted wings at the touch of the Fairy Queen's wand. In his London scenes, Lord Dunsany develops a vein of satire at the expense of commercial practices. It was news to me that detectives watch shop-lifting suspects *outside* the windows, where they could hardly steal anything, and I should think that even a detective would help a girl who accidentally fell down on the pavement!

Detective fiction is not commonly associated with classical mythology, but, on discovering that a certain multi-millionaire destined to an untimely end bore the name of Cadmus Cole, I understood the title of "The Dragon's Teeth." A Problem in Deduction. By Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). The author, who has the pleasing habit of figuring as a character in his own stories, himself explains its significance while discussing the

case with "Beau" Rummell, his partner in the new firm of Ellery Queen, Inc., Confidential Investigation. "'Don't you remember [he asks] the legend of Cadmus, or Kadmos, King of Sidon, who founded Thebes and brought the sixteen-letter alphabet to Greece?' 'No,' said Beau, 'I don't.' 'Where were you educated?' sighed Mr. Queen. . . . Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth, and out of each

tooth sprang—trouble. . . . Our own Cadmus sowed a few dragon's teeth himself when he wrote that will.'"

Mr. Cole's testamentary dispositions certainly produced a harvest of trouble, though not in the form of Greek warriors, as in the case of Cadmus. In telling the tale, Mr. Queen is as ingenious, mystifying and entertaining as ever. I can say that with confidence, having revelled in many of his admirable yarns. As a general rule, I prefer our home-grown thrillers, to those of American origin, simply because they take me among places and people that I know, especially when the scene is laid in London. Mr. Queen, however, makes his setting so real and vivid that an unfamiliar locality is no drawback. In "The Dragon's Teeth" he is at the top of his form.

Perhaps I may be allowed to include here (though not relating to fiction) a note which, for reasons of space, was lopped off the end of my last article. It refers to "The Jackdaw's Nest," A Fivefold Anthology. Made and Edited by Gerald Bullett. (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). This is largely an anthology of pieces—in verse and prose—omitted by previous anthologists, so that it has the virtue of freshness. Mr. Bullett began it as a bedside book, with tranquillity as the prevailing note. "It is at least," he remarks, "a peaceable anthology, and as such may be not unwelcome to a harassed generation." This claim is justified.

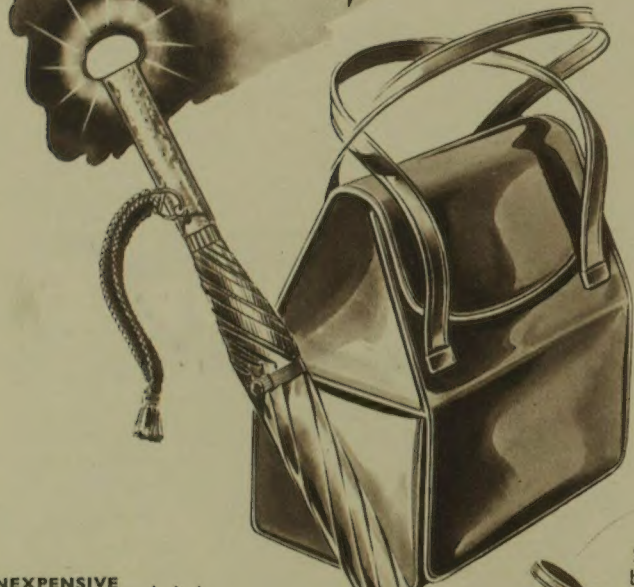
Apocryphos the title, Mr. Bullett writes: "The jackdaw . . . is a discriminating bird. . . . Since he is also an incorrigible collector of small bright objects (our grandfathers will remember the Cardinal's ring in *Ingoldsby*), his nest is apt to contain a glittering variety of treasures. Moreover, in an editorial footnote in my copy of *Selborne*, I come upon a pair of domesticated jackdaws who 'had particular pleasure in turning over the leaves of a book'—surely a propitious omen?"



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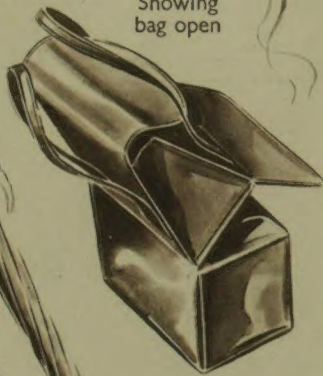
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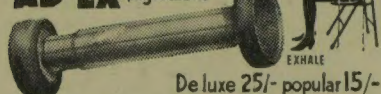
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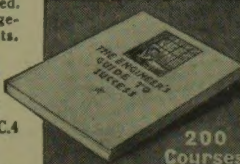
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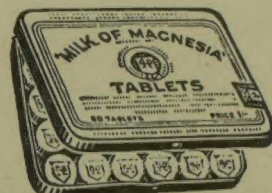
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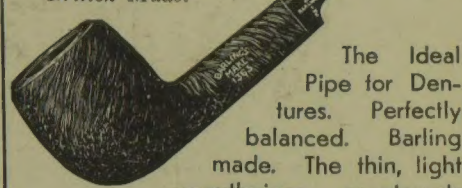
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